Spending the First $100,000,000

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May 1918 THE Twenty Cents

RED CROSS MAGAZINE

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To Our Red Cross Women!

A Tribute From a Soldier

THIS note of appreciation of the great work that the American Red Cross is performing was contained in a letter from a soldier serving in France, written to a friend in America. It is a simple, forceful, and entirely unsolicited tribute to the women of America.—THE EDITORS.

IF THERE ever was a spur to honest American manhood, it is to be found in the work, sacrifice, and loyal, cheerful aid of the Red Cross women here and at home. Those here are undergoing hardships many a man would cringe from. They never complain, but greet us cheerily with smiles and kind words. They are both an inspiration, a source of help, and a living shame to us. That which would have been a living hell for us, has now become a Paradise, through their ministrations and tireless efforts. Those "Over Here" and those at home will some day be fittingly rewarded for their sacrifice, but we who enjoy the sunshine they spread are speechless and powerless to show our appreciation of them and their deeds. It goes too deep for words and the little deeds which we are able to do for them are so inadequate and insignificant that we feel hurt at our inability better to show what we feel.

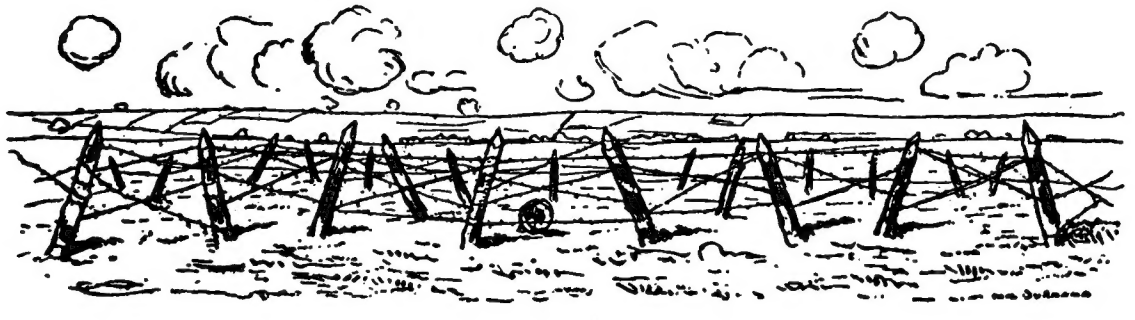
I have censored some four hundred letters of the men. Their attempts to make friends and relatives at home realize just what the Red Cross is doing and what it means to them, are pitiful and pathetic, despite their sincerity. Would they were inspired to write for eternity what they feel but cannot express. And wherever the men go—there will be found the Red Cross. But the "Women of the Red Cross" are the bond that helps to keep us from becoming a horde of uncivilised barbarians that camp life soon breeds, and war turns out in seconds.

"Just before midnight, New Year's Eve, a number of doctors and nurses gathered in the officers's ward to help us greet the New Year. The first toast was "Victory," and the Major was about to propose a funny one when a young lieutenant begged his pardon and asked us all to drink to the following one.

"To our Women, who sent us forth with courage in their hearts and tears in their eyes!

"To our Women at home who are sacrificing their all that we may win!

"To our Women over here who give their own lives that we may live! God bless them —and damn the man who does not respect them and the coward who does not fight for them!"



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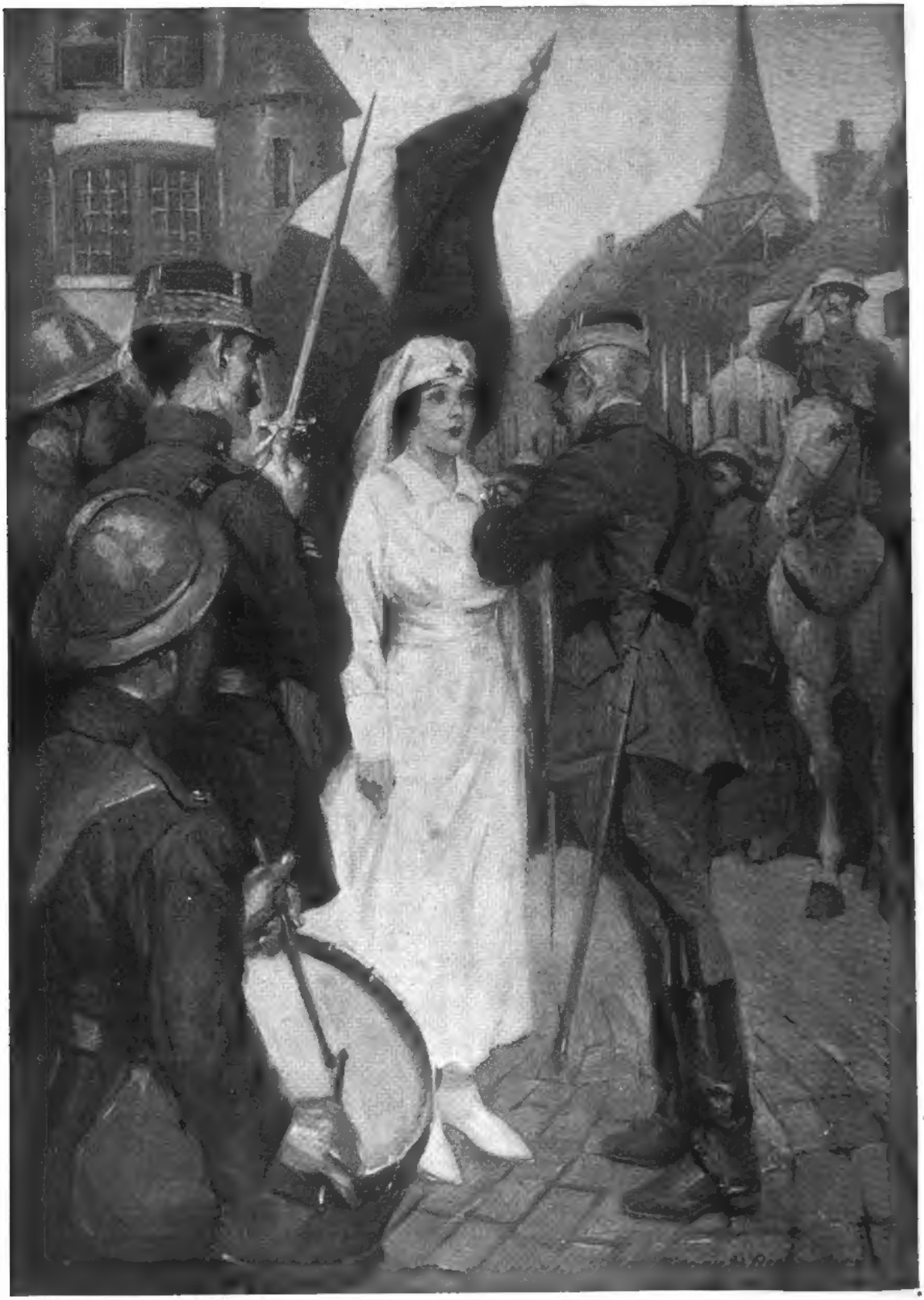

Painted by Sidney H. Riesenberg

For Valor!

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THE MAY
RED CROSS MAGAZINE
Volume 13 1918 Number 5

Dig—A Call to Women

By Edna Ferber

(Author of "Fanny, Herself," "Roast Beef Medium," etc.)
Illustrated by CLYDE SQUIRES

ALL women are part squirrel. Some are fifty per cent., some twenty-five, some ten, and some a bare fraction of a per cent. of that thrifty, canny, bright-eyed little hoarder whose motto is:

"One nut in the ground is worth two on the tree."

Who but a woman would save those scraps of lace and bits of tarnished tinsel? Who but a woman would store away a faded flower that adorned last summer's hat? It is the women who save bits of ribbon, and burned matches, and dried bread-crusts, and corset-steels, and babies' outgrown shoes, and withered rose leaves, and lovers' letters, and chicken bones, and torn linen. If it weren't for women there never would have been attics. Attics were built in recognition of the squirrel in women. Women are natural-born hoarders.

There is a superstition to the effect that women are wastrels. It is they who wear the jewels and silks, they say. It is for women that the shop windows are made gorgeous. And it's true. Maybe. Perhaps the world will never know how much of the gorgeousness of the shop window is due to the man who wants his woman to look a credit to him. The object of this article is not to prove that it is the man who says, "I'll take that," without asking the price. It is not to demonstrate the theory that a woman will twist a dime up, down, back and forth and sideways while a man flips it away without a second thought. Its object is to get the attention of every squirrel-woman who reads it. And that means of every woman who reads it.

DO YOU believe in the transmigration of souls? Do you believe that after death your spirit will live again in the body of a dog or a cat, as did some of the ancients?

Apparently Miss Ferber does. Only she thinks that all women are in part squirrels. Listen: "All women are part squirrel. Who but a woman could save those scraps of lace and bits of tarnished tinsel? If it weren't for women there never would have been attics. Attics were built in recognition of the squirrel in women. Women are natural-born hoarders."

In the good, old days, long before the war, when the butcher threw in a chunk of liver for the cat, and a hunk of round steak for the dog, and when a soup-bone (with greens) cost five cents, you didn't have to be an expert mathematician and a civil engineer to make the housekeeping money last through the week. It was a poor sort of housekeeper who couldn't save enough out of her weekly allowance to procure those luxuries or adorn-

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*"You women of America, with the instinct of thrift — **dig!**"*

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ments for which she did not feel justified in asking a lump sum. It may have been twenty-five cents saved here, fifty there, a dollar, two dollars, which at the end of a year or two, paid for little Mildred's music lessons, or a sheaf of aigrettes, or a platinum setting for the old-fashioned gold-and-diamond sunburst, or new curtains for the dining-room, or a coveted set of books, or a new carpet for the parlor. For that matter, I know a woman who, thirty years ago, received ten dollars weekly as her housekeeping allowance. Out of this she paid a maid-of-all-work and fed a family of six and in one year saved seventy-five dollars with which to buy a pair of long-coveted diamond earrings. There's a squirrel for you, even if eggs were three dozen for a quarter, and porterhouse steak twelve cents a pound.

But these are days when the purchase of porterhouse is not only a wanton luxury, but an immoral act, and the cackle of a hen a jewel song. With lamb chops a delicacy and white bread a dainty, that weekly allowance, no matter how generous, is pretty likely to be spread so thin as to appear transparent in places.

But the squirrel instinct still survives. Somehow, magically, the woman who used to save a bit here and a bit there, fifty cents, or a quarter, is doing it to-day, and nobody but a woman will ever be able to understand how. The fifty cents has dwindled to a dime, perhaps, and the quarter to a nickel, but it's there. Under the handkerchief box in the left hand bureau drawer. In the closet, on the shelf, behind the spare blankets. In the neighborhood bank around the corner, with that Indian patience and ingenuity that no man will ever quite comprehend, the squirrel woman has managed to put by a tiny hoard. A nut, buried in the ground, against a bleak and wintry day.

Dig it up! You squirrel-women of the United States—you thousands and thousands and thousands—dig it up! Of what use Mildred's music lessons if we don't win this war? Of what use John's future college career, if we don't win this war? Of what use aigrettes, curtains, carpet, jewels, if we don't win this war? There were hundreds and thousands of gently bred Mildreds in France and Belgium just a few months ago whose thrifty mothers had hoarded for those music lessons, or for a bit of coveted finery. Of what avail now? The Mildreds of France and Belgium may be in slavery, or worse. The piano has gone to make a Hun holiday. The precious bit of bric-a-brac is dust and ashes. Of what use Mildred's music, we ask? For that matter, of what use Mildred, herself, if we do not win this war? The thousands of grief-haunted Mildreds of France and Belgium give answer.

When the women of America realize that nothing in the world counts but the winning of this war—it is won! You women who are natural-born hoarders, give up that precious little pile of savings, so painfully accumulated. The American Red Cross needs millions of dollars. There are women who will say they have knitted, endlessly; they have rolled bandages; made dressings; sold Liberty Bonds; conserved food, given up luxuries. It is not enough, if you are not willing to offer up at least a part of your secret hoard. If you cannot give it all, give part. Give something. Give it to America so that you will not have to give it to Germany. Give it though it hurts. Give it though you've saved it penny by penny. No matter what the need for which you have saved it, it is not a millionth part so pressing as the need of the Red Cross. It is this Spring, when the fathers, and brothers, and sons of America will go over the top into the actual fight, that that little hoard of dollars saved by the women workers and women householders of this country will be needed. It's so easy to argue that your solitary dollar doesn't count, and can't help. But it can. It does. The population of the United States is one hundred million. If every one of these could contribute one dollar, the Red Cross hundred million dollar drive would be won in a day. That's how much your dollar counts. The Red Cross to-day comes nearer to exemplifying the Universal Brotherhood idea than any organization in the world. It is more than an organization. It is a religion. It is Life.

Perhaps no one knows the value of money better than a woman who has earned it. When a woman has earned it, and saved it, that knowledge is doubly sure. But because of that very knowledge her giving will be all the more glorious.

To the women of America, with the instinct of thrift; to the women with the little squirrel-hoard tucked safely away against a long winter's day, the Red Cross comes, with its hundred million dollar need.

Dig!

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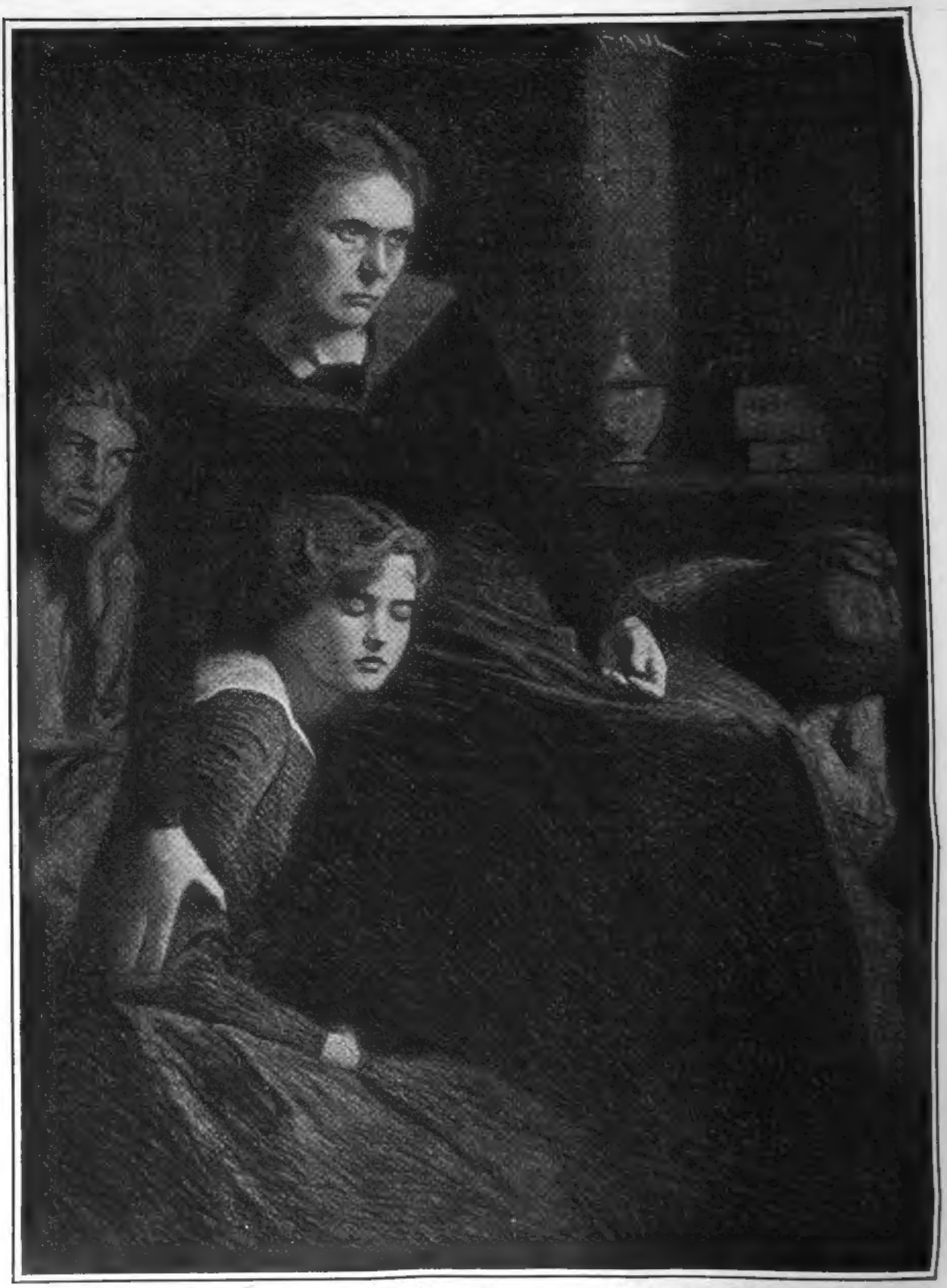

"Late in the evening they were allowed to return to the farmhouse . . . They spent the night there all crowded together in one room. Madame Tielman in a chair, her daughter leaning against her knees, her servants sitting on the floor behind her."

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THERE is but one thing a bully fears and that is superior force. Until we assemble an armed force sufficient to cow the beast thoroughly, the scenes of unbelievable German brutality, such as occurred in Belgium, Serbia, and Armenia, will be enacted over and over again. The sooner we realize this, the shorter the war.

The Murder of the Mayor of Aerschot

The Authentic Account of the Wanton Killing of the Mayor of the Little Belgian Town of Aerschot and Forty Prominent Citizens by the Germans, as Related by the Mayor's Wife and Other Eye-Witnesses of the Terrible Scene

By Juliet Barrett Rublee

Illustrated by PAUL MEYLAN

THE true, authentic story of the brutal murder of the Mayor of Aerschot by the Germans was told to me by the Burgomaster's wife, Madame Tielman, in several long talks which I had with her while abroad. I have written it down from notes made at the time, and from a written statement of the events by herself which she gave me. She is a woman of dignity and character, great simplicity of manner, and directness and sincerity of speech. In a little note which she wrote me about something else, she said: "You may say to yourself that you have known the most unhappy of all women." Often, while she talked, the tears rolled down her cheeks, and she could not speak for the sobs that came, but she always managed to control herself again and go on. Despite the great suffering she had been through, she still retained her fairness of mind, and, in her clear report of what happened, discriminated between the German soldiers who were ruthless and brutal and those who were kind.

On August 19th, about eight o'clock in the morning, she started to go to church with her two children, but finding that bombs were falling near the church, she decided that it would not be safe, and they stayed at home. Her house was a large one, facing the public square. About nine o'clock that morning, she and the children were in the parlor, the windows of which opened on the square. Suddenly a number of Belgian soldiers, some of them wounded and their faces covered with blood, came rushing by the house. She opened the window and called to them, asking what was the matter. "The Germans are pursuing us," they answered and rushed on. Several minutes afterward, German soldiers began to arrive, and soon the entire square was filled with them. Her son, wishing to see them better, lowered the window, though she warned him not to, and just as he did so, a shot was fired into the room. The ball struck the wall, and glancing from it, wounded her son slightly in the leg. She took him upstairs, bathed his wound, and made him lie down for a few hours. About ten o'clock orders came for her husband to go to the Hôtel de Ville. When he arrived there he was addressed as *Schweinhund* and ordered to take down the national flag, and also to translate several placards which he had had posted about the town, urging the people to be calm, ordering them to turn in their firearms, etc.

All day long the German Army was passing through the square, with automobiles, foot soldiers, and cavalry. About four o'clock in the afternoon her husband returned. "So far," he said, "things are going well, but I am very anxious." The German general and his aides had come to the house. The Burgomaster took some cigars from his pocket to give to

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the soldiers who were guarding the door. The position of the house is such that, from the door of the suite which opens on the garden, they could see the German general on the balcony. Madame Tielman remarked to her husband that he might object to the gift of cigars to the soldiers. Just as she was turning back into the room from the front door, her glance fell on the square where thousands of Germans were now encamped; at that moment she distinctly saw two puffs of smoke, followed by two shots, go up from the guns of German soldiers quartered about the pump, which was near the middle of the square. Almost immediately, the whole place was in an uproar. Horses and troops dashed madly about, the soldiers firing wildly in all directions. Her husband, her children and her two servants had just time to fly to the cellar whither they were half pushed by German soldiers, who were also seeking shelter from the wild shots flying everywhere. There they stayed, for a time of unspeakable agony, waiting for what was to come. Finally, one of the general's aides came down to the cellar. "The general is dead," he announced in a loud voice. "We must have the Burgomaster." Her husband turned to her and said: *"Ça c'est grave pour moi, mon amie. Ça peut me couter cher"* ("This is very serious for me, dearest—it may cost me dear.") She told him to be of good courage, and the German aide then handed him over to the soldiers, who seized him roughly, calling him *Schweinhund* and forcing him away from her, though she pointed out that neither her husband nor son could possibly be guilty, as they had been with her all the time in the cellar. "I know this," responded the aide, "but the Burgomaster is responsible."

GERMAN BRUTALITY

The house was a large one and a little later her son suggested that they go out of that cellar into another one which was under the dining room. This they did. In a short time, they heard footsteps overhead and her son said to her: "Mother, they are hunting for us, let us go up—we have done nothing." They mounted to the dining room, and almost immediately the same aide de camp appeared. "Your son," he said to her, "we want your son." He took her son, and as the poor child could only walk on the point of his toe, because of the wound in his leg, the officer helped him along with kicks in the back. She watched him half way down the long dining room, the little boy of fifteen still limping from his wound, kicked along by the big German officer, and then she closed her eyes and turned away. But not yet was the aide de camp satisfied; for a little later, he came back again for her, and made her accompany him all through the house, from the cellar to the attic, all the time pointing his pistol at her. Her little daughter, noticing this, placed herself between her mother and the German. "But even this," said Madame Tielman, "did not make him realize his brutality." He took them all through the house, showing them the empty, disordered rooms, and finally the body of the dead General. The windows everywhere were closed except those in the General's room leading out on to the balcony, and she thinks a stray bullet must have found him as he stepped out to see what was happening or to give an order. She told the aide de camp that she deeply regretted the accident, but that it was not their fault. As they returned to the front door, she asked him, "and what is to become of us?" "You will be shot," he answered, "you and your daughter and your servants." After saying this he left them.

After the aide de camp had left, Madame Tielman turned to take a hat and coat from the hat-rack but everything had been stolen. They left their home with nothing but the clothes on their backs. On the square they found all kinds of people, young and old, sick and well, among them one old invalid woman who was half paralyzed. Most of them were neighbors who lived near by. Near her was a young girl, sobbing bitterly, and she said she was irritated with her and reproved her, telling her that this was no time for women to weaken; that they must be strong. She found out afterward that this young girl's father and and her two brothers had been shot, and they had forced her away from the bedside of her mother, who was dying. When she was finally allowed to return, she found her mother dead. After they had been about an hour on the square, several of the surrounding houses burst into flames. Madame Tielman noticed, particularly, the perfect order and method in the midst of the disorder; the systematic way in which the Germans set fire to certain houses, leaving others, as though it had been all planned beforehand. She turned away when suddenly she heard the sound of

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marching feet and saw by the brilliant light of the burning houses, a company of men marching across the square. Among them she recognized her husband, her son, her brother-in-law, and about thirty or forty other citizens of Aerschot. Some of them had their hands tied behind them, but not her husband, for she remembered seeing him put up his hand and finger the cord on his hat. Her son was holding himself very straight and proud, but still limped from the wound in his leg. Some friend called out to him, "*Du courage, Monsieur Tielman!*" ("Have courage, M. Tielman") "*J'en ai,*" ("I have"), he answered proudly and threw back his head. Never, while she lived, she said, could she forget the agony of that moment, and the despairing look that her husband sent for the last time toward their home. She knew he was wondering what had become of her and her daughter, but she did not dare to call out to him to say goodbye or to let him know that she was still alive, as she could not tell what effect that might have upon the soldiers. They marched on through the brilliantly lighted square, and disappeared into the darkness beyond. She never saw them again.

Finally about two o'clock in the morning they were told they could leave the square and they started running away. Hundreds of automobiles rolled through the streets, filled with German soldiers, who pointed their pistols at the fleeing women, most of whom did not have even one cent in their pockets with which to buy a bit of bread. Finally, about three quarters of an hour out of Aerschot, they found a farmhouse which had escaped destruction. They rested there for several hours, when a troop of soldiers ordered them out again into the open fields and forbade them to return to the farm. While in the fields, several soldiers came up to them and asked if the wife of the Burgomaster was among them. They were told that she must have long since made her escape. She had, meanwhile, taken down her hair, torn up her passport, and given her rings to one of her maids, who had hidden them in her boot. All that day they were kept in the fields. Late in the evening they were allowed to return to the farmhouse and this time, with the order not to go out again. They spent the night there, all crowded together in one room, Madame Tielman in a chair, her daughter leaning against her knees, her servants sitting on the floor behind her. The next morning she went out and finally reached a friend's house where she stayed for two weeks, often spending the entire day in hiding. They dared not keep her longer, and sent her on to the next town, where she stayed with other friends a few days, until she escaped at last to the safety of a neutral country, Holland.

An account of the death of her husband was written to her by a man, who was present at the execution, and was one of those who was marched through the square with her husband that terrible night. He said that the prisoners were taken outside the town where they spent the night on the ground, their hands tied behind their backs, their heads resting on German knapsacks. The soldiers guarding the Burgomaster, and his son and brother, seemed to take pleasure in torturing and insulting them. He remembered seeing one soldier advance toward the Burgomaster and knock in his hat with his fist while his companions laughed. In the early morning several officers advanced toward them from the farmhouse, where they had evidently spent the night. Émile Tielman, the Burgomaster's brother, recognized one of them and called to him by name. The officer, amazed at finding himself recognized by one of the prisoners turned swiftly, and recognizing M. Tielman, asked him politely what he could do for him. "Lieutenant Wolff," he answered, "you can see that a serious mistake is being made. These people here, taken prisoners by the soldiers, together with ourselves, might have been shot without a word said in our defence. I appeal to you. You dined yesterday at my table, you were with me during the entire day, you were even in conversation with me when the soldiers began to cry: 'They have fired! They have fired!' You alone can testify that I am innocent, and have been made a prisoner and perhaps condemned to death against all justice." The Lieutenant listened gravely, his face kind and merciful. "I know this, M. Tielman," he said, "and at the necessary moment I will speak in your behalf." Reassured by these words of hope, Mr. Émile Tielman then continued, "I should also like to speak in defence of my brother. You see before you about forty of our fellow citizens made prisoners. I now ask them to testify aloud as to the conduct of my brother." During this time, the Burgomaster, calm and composed had remained silent. Now he said

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Some friend called out to him, "Have courage, M. Tielman,"

simply: "How would it have been possible for us to fire, as we had no firearms?" But at the Burgomaster's quiet question, a fierce-looking Westphalian soldier cried out in a harsh voice, "Shut up, *Schweinhund*, your son fired on and killed our general, and your cellar was full of bombs!" Seeing the helplessness of speech in the face of these absurd and utterly false accusations, the Burgomaster did not try to answer. He knew well, and all the citizens with him knew that his son had not killed the German general, because they were acquainted with the boy and knew him to be an inexperienced, shy, gentle lad, only fifteen years of age, who did not even know how to handle a pistol; but they knew also that all defence would be useless and that all that remained for them was to prepare themselves for death. During this time, Lieutenant Wolff, silent and grave, seemed to be thinking. All was silent for a time, while the fear and the certainty of death grew steadily.

Shortly after this, the officers retired again to the farm, doubtless to consult as to what action should be taken. It did not take them long to decide. A superior officer advanced toward the group. The Burgomaster, in a last impulse of love and pity for his son, in a final

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"I have," he answered proudly and threw back his head.

effort to save him, said to the officer, in a voice very calm and low: "If we are condemned, spare at least this child, my son, that he may take care of his mother, my wife." These were his last words. "The last words," says the account, "of a man whose entire career was that of a loyal citizen, conscientious in his duties and the accomplishment of his difficult functions, a model father, both to his children and to his fellow citizens." The officers replied briefly that his request was impossible and gave the order to march. The prisoners were taken several hundred yards away to the foot of a little hill. There the group stopped. The condemned ones, still calm, knelt on the ground and waited bravely for death. The soldiers formed in a half circle around them, an under officer, sword in hand, waited impatiently for the final order. A brief word of command, a sword raised, the quick sharp report from several guns, and the victims fell forward on the earth, one on top of the other. The under officer advanced toward the confused mass to separate the bodies, and to see if a spark of life still remained in any of them. The young boy moved slightly. A pistol shot finished the work, and that was all.

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The Man Who Did Not Know He Was Dead

His Own Story of What the War Did to Him

As told to Bruce Barton

I WAS wandering round the lobby of the hotel in Washington at dinner time. It is one of the most exciting games in the world in these days—wandering round the lobby of a Washington hotel at dinner time. Every man in the country who amounts to anything is spending a couple of nights a month in an upper berth on his way to Washington; and one has only to wander round the lobbies long enough to meet all the folks whom he has ever known.

One night a steel man from Youngstown, whom I had not seen in seven years dined with me; and another night the editor of a newspaper in Birmingham; and the third night, while I was wondering whom the sea would wash up, I heard my name called, and turned around to discover a man I had once written an article about. He is a tall man, with the alert, sharp look that we like to think of as typically American. He must be forty-seven or eight, and, from small beginnings he has built a fortune. The article, as I remember it, was called "From Nothing to $200,000 a Year."

He grasped my arm, declaring that I must have been sent by Heaven to share his dinner that night: and so we started off to the dining room, he talking, and I wondering what in the world he had done to himself. He must have dyed his mustache, I decided: no, he had changed tailors: no—but *something* had happened to him. My memory for faces is pretty good, and he certainly was a different man from the one I had written about two years before.

We found our table, and I set to work at once, as we newspaper men do, pulling out the stops that start the stories. The stop marked "Family" and the stop marked "Business" and the stop marked "Health" and finally the stop marked "War."

The last one worked: in answer to it he drew his chair a little closer to mine, and began. . . .

"I have wanted a chance to see you," he said, "to thank you for the nice things you said in that article."

I told him I was glad he liked it.

"Yes," he continued slowly, "I *did* like it. At the time I liked it very much. But——" He hesitated and then glanced up with that boyishly frank smile that has been worth at least half a million to him, and went on: "I'm inclined to believe you had the facts all wrong, none the less. You called me one of the livest men in the Middle West or something like that; and along about eighteen months afterwards I discovered that I was just about as good as dead."

He paused, and I said nothing, not wanting to spoil the good start. It sounded worth waiting for: and after a minute he continued.

"In a way that article was a kind of milestone in my life. It came just about the high water mark of my satisfaction with myself. I was pretty well content with my life in those days; and the way you wrote me up added even a little more to the sum total of my complacency. All that about how I bought the business on a shoe string, and built it up; and how I jumped across the water at the very beginning of the war, when most of the others were expecting the end of the world, and got enough orders to keep the factory busy for three years—it all sounded very good as you told it.

"About the first of January, 1915, it seemed to dawn on people all of a sudden that, in my quiet fashion, I had been building quite a business. Men who had only nodded to me before, began to go out of their way to be pleasant. I was invited to go on the board of one of the best banks in town: and sometimes I would overhear a remark about myself as I walked down between the tables in a restaurant,

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or across the lobby of a hotel, the kind of a remark that a man pretends not to hear, but likes to hear just the same. It was pleasant enough, I confess. I was enjoying that to the limit when you turned up and said you wanted to write that article: and what you wrote just confirmed my good opinion of myself.

"Then——"

He hesitated again, and a curious, detached look came into his eyes. It was a full minute before he went on.

"Then"—he repeated, and, apparently shifting his thought, asked suddenly:

"Have you ever read the life of Cecil Rhodes?"

I said that I had.

"Well, I have read it too—it was just a little while after I met you that I happened to buy it. And I came across one remark which Rhodes made to his secretary when they were riding horseback together, all alone, on the South African plains.

"'There is one thing I hope for you,' Rhodes said to the secretary, 'and that is that you may never, while still a young man, have everything that you want. Look at me,' he went on, 'I have been Premier: here is a big country named after me, and I have more money than I know what to do with—*and there's nothing in the world that I want.*' Curious sort of an observation, isn't it? And suggestive too. Darned suggestive. It kept coming back to me again and again after I had read it. And the oftener I thought about it, the more it seemed as though I had worked myself into pretty much the same fix as Rhodes. '*Nothing in the world that I want,*' I kept saying to myself: and then I would try to think up something that I *did* want.

"I thought maybe I needed a change, and I tried Florida and California, but they didn't do any good. It wasn't my health that was the matter with me: it was something worse than that. It was old age—death."

I started to protest: he isn't fifty yet, and looks as fit as forty.

"Yes, death," he repeated firmly. "When a man gets to the point where he has nothing more to live for, he might as well be dead. And ten to one he will be in a few years. You've seen it work out often enough. A man retires: his interest is gone—next year, the end. I hadn't retired of course. I was busier than ever, for the United States had entered the war, and we were being called on to enlarge our plant and get ready for orders from the Government. I was immersed in the business day and night—but something had happened to me just the same. The whole routine, of a sudden, began to bore me. There were days when I was tempted to sell out and put my whole stake into Government bonds. If I could have thought of anything to do, afterwards, I *would* have sold out too. But there was the rub. There was nothing I wanted to do——

"Right when the thing was at its worst, I got a cable from our man in Paris, asking me to come across at once. And—half glad of the excuse to get away—I hastily packed a trunk and got my passport and set out on the first ship. Have you been across since the war?"

I shook my head.

"Well, if you are completely satisfied with your life, don't do it. Take my advice and stay on this side—that is if you *are* completely satisfied. I don't believe any man can see what I saw in France, and not have a monkey wrench thrown into his smoothly running machinery. I don't know that I understand yet exactly what it was that happened over there. But take one or two things just for example.

"I was at dinner in Paris a day or two after my arrival. It was a simple dinner so far as the food and furnishings went, but quite a good group of people was there. I don't speak any French but most of them spoke English after a fashion; and I was quite happy to be present.

"Our hostess took me around the drawing room, introducing me to one and another, and saying some pleasant things about me. By the time we had completed the circuit I was feeling very well content—you know the feeling one has when he has an idea that he has made a rather good impression.

"Over in the corner a young woman was standing, the most attractive young woman in the company, by the way, and beside her a rather insignificant-looking youngster in uniform.

"'Madeline,' said our hostess, laying her hand on the young woman's arm, 'I want you to meet Mr. Frazer; Mr. Frazer is one of the leading business men of America.'

"The girl glanced up at me, and a curious thing happened. You know there is a certain magic in that word, Business, in this country. We are accustomed to defer a good bit to

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Business Men over here; one who has been in Business and done pretty well gets rather used to having folks pay attention to him. The young woman, named Madeline, glanced up:

"'I am glad to have the pleasure of Mr. Frazer's acquaintance,' she said, with an accent that was very charming. And then, as deliberately as though I did not exist, she turned back to the insignificant-looking chap at her side and began plying him with questions in French.

"The evening was not a successful one for me. It had started wrong and it continued wrong. Everybody tried to be gracious. But it was as though their manner said more plainly than words: 'We mean to be nice to you. But you see we have passed on out of your world into another, and really you know, you and the things you represent don't interest us at all.'

"I left the party rather early, feeling a bit dissatisfied and resentful. Yet with my resentment, there went along something else—a suggestion of dissatisfaction, that I found it hard to analyze or account for." He laughed.

"Dissatisfaction—*with myself*. Can you imagine it—*in me?*

"That was the start. And almost every day for the next week something happened to rock my little self-sufficient universe—just little things, but piling up into a mass that made me strangely uncomfortable.

"I went over to a big military hospital one afternoon. A young doctor showed us about. We walked through the different wards—here a big room, very quiet—filled with beds, and in each one a great burning pair of eyes that fixed themselves upon us—it was only the eyes that one remembered—great, hot, searching eyes. And another room, sunny and bright, where were men on their way back to recovery.

"A German soldier was seated there in the sun, a shell-shock victim. As we came opposite him, some cog inside his shattered nervous system slipped; his mouth fell open and he shook from head to foot like a man with a horrible convulsing chill. It made me shudder; I glanced off quickly to the next man—a British Tommy. He caught my glance, and smiled—poor chap, the gas had nearly done for him. He was hoarse-voiced, and weak, but cheerful none the less. He stretched out his hand and laid it on the arm of the quaking German; and looking up at us smiled—a wonderful smile—I can see it yet.

"'Poor devil,' he wheezed, 'poor—devil—he—got his—didn't he?'

"We passed on quickly. But I could not forget that bit of drama if I lived a hundred years. The two men side by side—enemies, by the decree of their governments. At each other's throats a week before, struggling each to cut short the little span of life belonging to the other. Enemies—yet something had been born inside the hearts of them, that made it possible for each to forget his own suffering in his solicitude and sympathy for the other. What had happened to them? What had they brought back out of this hell that we call war which I had missed?

"My buoyancy came back a bit as I got out into the open air. I mustn't let myself get sentimental, I said. It made one feel good to know that men of ordinary stuff could develop really noble qualities under the test. Very fine, and I was glad to have seen it. But after all it was not they, but I, and men of my type, who must continue to handle the world.

"The day before I sailed I dropped into our office to leave some final instructions; and while I talked there sounded in the hall outside a curious, uneven footstep. The door opened, and who should come in but Paul, the little fellow who had been our bookkeeper before the war. He was dressed in a rather shabby uniform, and his face had changed so that I did not recognize him at first. It was older, and more drawn. I was caught by it, and by a kind of dignity in his look that was new and strange.

"'Paul,' I exclaimed. 'Well, well, I'm glad to see you. Glad you could come up while I was here.'

"A smile broke over his honest face.

"'I come back, Mr. Frazer,' he cried, 'In a few days I come back to work. I am discharge. You see'—pointing down, 'you see I have lost the leg.'

"For the first time then I noticed it. One leg was gone at the knee.

"'You poor boy,' I cried in quick sympathy. 'Poor, brave boy——'

"'Poor?' he repeated in surprise, 'Poor? No, no, Mr. Frazer, I give the leg for France. I am rich. Rich—for France.'

"I put my arm around his shoulder, and I have never felt so much like crying since my kid days. Simple-hearted, common little chap, that he was, with never a spark of originality in him before—nothing to make us suppose

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that he had any imagination or fire or soul—now all of a sudden transformed; crowned with a new dignity that made me feel small and useless by his side. I, who had been his boss and would be again, and probably forever, as long as he lived and had strength enough to work.

"I confess that for the hundredth time, since my arrival, I felt confused and unsteady. My whole world of values was being overthrown. Everything that had been so well settled had been turned bottom side up; and here was I, standing below and looking up at my own cashier, our solemn, uninspired little Paul——

"Well, I had a good long time to turn the whole thing over in my mind on the trip across. There wasn't much to do but think. Bad weather, and no lights at night, and always the possibility that we might wake up neck deep in the water. I tell you it would be a great thing for America if every man, woman, and child of us could make a trip through the submarine zone. There is something about going to bed in a life preserver that is very conducive to serious thought. One finds himself asking some very impertinent questions. Such as this: 'You may die to-night, perhaps, and just how much good has it been to the world that you have lived?' Or this: 'Now that you've spent your life in getting a roll of money, just how much use is it to you, when you are possibly on the point of leaving it?' Questions like those keep one company in bed, through the submarine zone.

"And my answers were not at all satisfactory to my own mind either. It seemed to me, walking up and down the deck those days, and looking forward as well as back—it seemed as though I had been dead for a year or so and hadn't known it. A dead man has no wants, and in all the world I could not think of a thing I really wanted. A dead man has no part in the life and movement and achievement of his generation—and I, it seemed to me, had stood by while the greatest event of modern times was taking place and had borne no real part in it. The humblest track-layer behind the lines in France seemed to me more alive—with his tiny contribution to the great war—than I with my money and comfort and position.

"By the time we came into sight of Liberty I had made a solemn covenant with myself to find some way to contribute to the war, even if it cost me more in my business than I could really afford. Indeed it seemed to me that I should find happiness in proportion as it *did* cost, that the deeper it cut into the realm of real sacrifice the more satisfaction in it I might have.

"But it took some time for me to find a place where I would be any good in this war," he continued.

"I was too old for the service, in addition to all my other lacks. I was not the kind of man the Y. M. C. A. wanted for the great things it is doing. But I found my place." His face beamed. "I found it about a week after I got back. For the last four months I have been in my office only four times. The rest of the time I divide between here and home, working for the Red Cross."

His face lighted at the words: there was a sudden new resonance in his tone. It came over me in a flash that *this* was the secret of the change in him: it was this that had made him young. From the pocket of his coat, he pulled out a map of a middle western state—his own—and spread it on the table between us.

"There's my Kingdom," he exclaimed boyishly. "I want to show you how I've got it organized. If the Steel Trust or the Food Administration or the Imperial German Government has got anything better in the way of organization, they've got to show me. Here (pointing to the capital) is my office. *Here* and *here* and *here* and *here* are my county offices. I've got the president of a bank in one of them, and a big wholesale grocer in another, and the best lawyer in our state over at this one, and so on. Not a fellow in the bunch that isn't good for at least twenty-five thousand a year in his own job. I didn't ask them to come in, either: I just *ordered* 'em in. I told them that it wasn't a sacrifice, it was an opportunity—that it would make new men of 'em—add years to their lives. And by George, it's done that very thing, too.

"Every one of those fellows knows exactly how many local chapters he has in his county and who the officers are, and whether they're good, bad, or indifferent. Every chapter gets a letter every Monday morning, pointing out just how it stands in its work in comparison with the other chapters of the same size, in its district. We play 'em off against each other like salesmen in a sales contest.

"'Smithville,' we say, 'is five sweaters and $125 ahead of Jonesville this week, but Jones-

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ville is coming strong, and Mrs. Vincent, the President, said: 'We expect to pass Smithville within the next ten days.'" Maybe you think that doesn't put them on their toes.

"Some of the other states have had trouble getting yarn and cloth, but not us. We've got three months' supply, and we're going to keep that much ahead of the game right along. A week ago yesterday my office had a S. O. S. call from Milton, a little town in the southern end of the state. 'What is the matter with our wool?' they shouted. 'Here we are, just about to put the jinx on Earlington, our rival town, and right in the critical minute, you let us run out of wool!' They were mad—mad clear through.

"It didn't do me any good to explain that we had shipped them a big box and that it must be tied up on a side-track somewhere. They wanted wool, and they wanted it *now*."

He threw back his head and laughed loud—the kind of laugh that speaks of health and optimism and joy in the game.

"Well, you can just bet they got it. I called our district office on the phone, ordered a motor truck and sent them their wool across country by truck. Every sweater that comes out of that town in the next three weeks will cost me personally about a dollar for gasolene and service—but you can bet your life I'm not going to have Milton lose out against Earlington for the lack of wool. That's the way we do things in our district.

"I hated to come away this time even for a few days, but I just had to do it. I want to find out why our stuff isn't getting shipped faster. And I want to know what part of the country 'over there' it's going to. I've bought a map of the battle front for every last chapter in our state, and I want those women to know not only that they're knitting for soldiers in France, but where the soldiers are, and what they are doing and how they live and all about it. I've arranged to have five men tour the state in the next thirty days telling just what they saw in France and how grateful the boys are to our women back in the old home state. . . ." He leaned over and half whispered. "Don't say a word about it, but I'm pulling the wires to see if I can't get a message from Joffre and Pershing—regular honest to goodness cables directed to our women. And if I get 'em, I'm going to have them reproduced in facsimile, and a copy sent to every chapter head. . . . That's what I call sales organization. . . . Say, why don't you get on the train and run out there with me to-morrow? I'll pay the expenses and you can be back in New York in three days. I want you to see a regular Red Cross state. . . Greatest bit of team work you'll ever see. . . . Will you come?"

I hated to refuse, but there was no other way. I had to leave for New York at midnight I told him; he seemed genuinely disappointed.

"I'd love to have you see it," he said ruefully, "it would make a nice piece for you to write up. . . . I'd like to have you see what it's done for a lot of those dried out old codgers in the state—folks that were just living as a matter of habit. Oh, I'm not knocking them, remember. I was in the same boat not so long ago. It's been worth all the rest of my life put together—these four months. I don't know much about what the Red Cross is doing in Europe, except from the printed reports: but I know from my own eyes what it's doing over here. And if the war were to stop to-morrow, before a single bandage had been unrolled, or a single drop of anesthetic poured out for our boys, the Red Cross campaigns would have been worth a million times their cost to the life and future of the United States.

"I have come to understand, I think, how it is that those fellows *over there* have lost all fear of death. Having made the great decision, having determined in their own minds to give their very lives if necessary, they have *already* died and been born again. Henceforth what we call death becomes to them merely incidental. They have already 'lost their lives and found them!' They are like Enoch, of whom I heard last Sunday, who 'walked with God, and was not for the Lord took him.' He did not die. God, with whom he walked, simply transferred him from one unselfish life to a life a bit more unselfish."

And so the man whose income is $200,000 a year, and who, twelve months before, would have laughed aloud, had any one accused him of an interest in anything less unselfish than business, paid our check and led me up to his room to show me his Red Cross records. And I remarked again to myself as I followed him out of the dining room, "By George, how young he looks, and vigorous, and alive. As though he had shed his old self like a worn out garment, and been born again, with all of his life before him."

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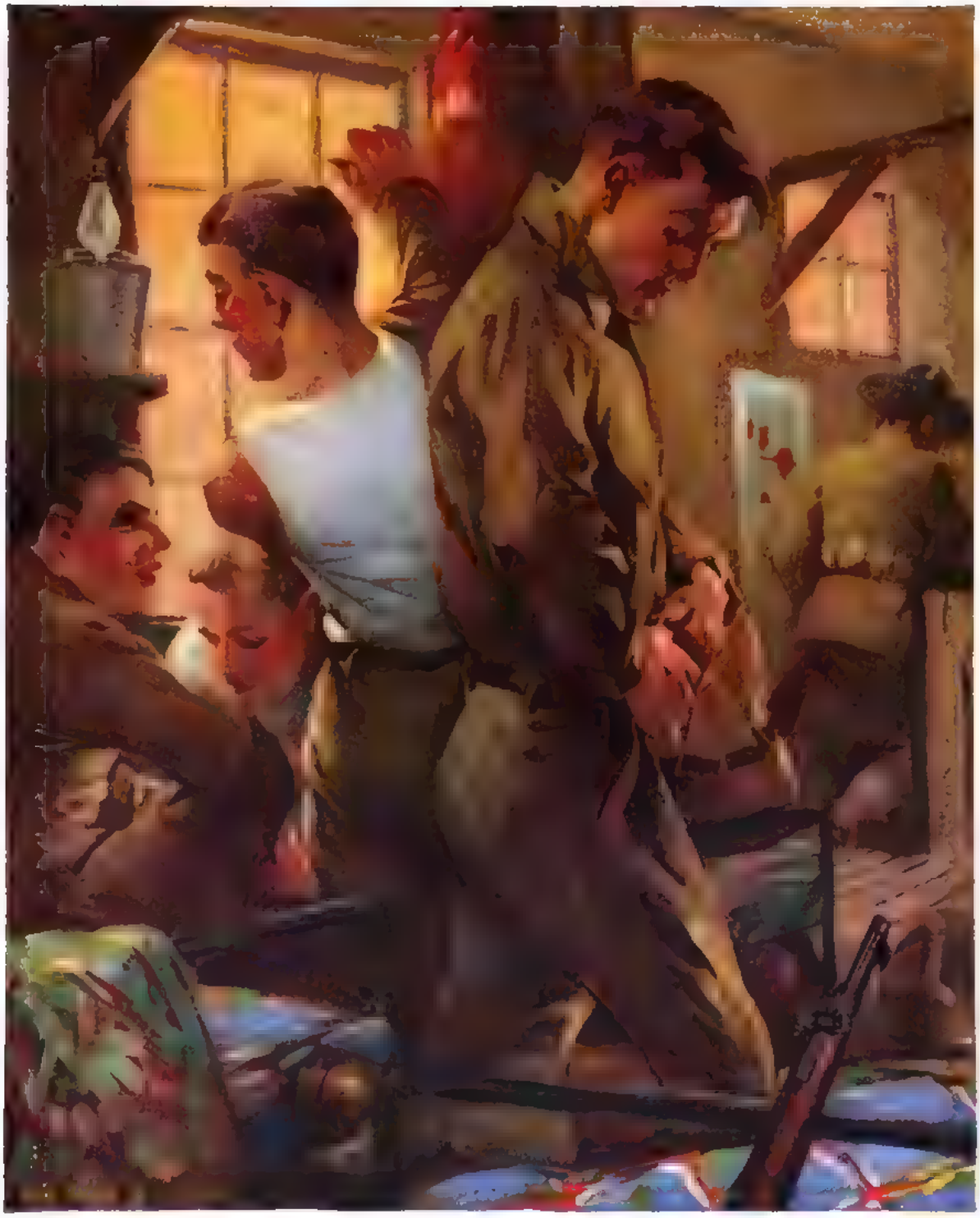
A Day in the Life of a Soldier

Painted by Sidney H. Riesenberg



REVEILLE -Everybody Up

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MORNING—Parade and Inspection

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AFTERNOON -Visitors' Day

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TAPS—The End of a Soldier's Day

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Your War and My War

By Porter Emerson Browne

(Of the Vigilantes)

Porter Emerson Browne, the distinguished playwright and author, has just returned from a visit to Canada. Full of what he saw and heard there, he has poured his heart out in this article. His renewed realization of what the war means, the effects of it on Canada, and the sacrifices and temper of her people, ring in this piece like a trumpet-call to his country. We think we are doing much. Read here and compare what Canada has done.—THE EDITORS.

I SAT with three other men in a railroad office, in Canada. One of these, who was on the bench beside me was a man of middle age, quiet, well-groomed. The conversation had been desultory.

Suddenly one of the others nodded toward my seatmate.

"He had a son in the war," he said. "Killed."

I looked quickly. It seemed such an unnecessarily cruel way to speak. But the gentleman beside me did not seem to take it so. He merely nodded.

"Yes," he said, quietly. "My only son. He was killed at Ypres. He would have been twenty-one to-morrow. . . . By the way, what time did you say that train went?"

I couldn't understand at first. That any man could be so apparently indifferent to the death of his one son. It was a shock; and inexplicable.

But as I stayed longer, going about, talking to others, it gradually became clear to me; clear to me why, in Canada where all is war, one sees so little of war.

And perhaps another story will serve to explain better than can words of mine. It was told me by a man who owns several newspapers, out in the far northwest.

"When war was declared," he said, "there were, out in my country, many young unmarried chaps who had taken up small farms and ranches. On the day the news came, they didn't even wait to pack. They left their houses as they were, clothes unpacked, books open on the tables, even meals untasted, to toss the front door key to a neighbor and go away to fight.

"There was a little camp that nine of them had on an island in one of the lakes. They used to go there, over Sundays. It's been empty now since August of nineteen fourteen; for, of the nine, all are dead."

Little things perhaps. And yet, they tell the story of Canada, as of the other countries at war. For war divides the loyal people of a country into two classes: those that go away to fight, and those that stay behind to serve. And in Canada one finds that those at the front have served magnificently; and those left to do their work at home have given none the less splendidly, none the less bravely.

It comes to me that after all it is in that that lies the whole spirit of war. That war, after all, is all comprised in the word "giving."

Some shall give their lives. This many have already done; how many we of America can only vaguely try to realize. Man can see only a fair circle of the world's surface. Imagine, that strewn with corpses and soaked with blood. Then multiply that beyond your greatest conception. And then you will have found how feeble are your attempts to grasp the whole. The flower of England's manhood; the finest youth of France are but a memory; they have given.

Some shall give their happiness. And this has already been given by yet more millions upon all the lands at war. They wear mourning no more in England. Human reason could not stand reminding of a nation's sorrow. In Canada one sees working in war activities young girls—tender, softly-nurtured of soul and mind and body—girls who should now be living to the full the joys of love and home and motherhood. It is their eyes that tell you how far from them those joys will ever be upon this tortured world. Little boys and little girls that shall never again know a father's love, his tender, gentle care; they too, have given.

Some shall give their fondest desires; their

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dearest hopes; their heart's ambitions. Poets lay down their pens to hold a gun. Musicians leave the golden palaces of their souls for the fields of battle nor turn when rattling chains raise the drawbridge forever behind them. But these are little things to give.

And yet not so little by a million million fold as that other thing that all must give, if America desires in its heart of hearts that its children, and its children's children, shall be anything beyond a race of servants and a race of slaves.

CANADA—THE SUPREME GIVER

Canada has been at war nearly four years. Canada is a land very like our own; its people are very like ourselves. To see what three years of war would do to a land like ours with a population like ours, I went to Canada. And all I can say is that I wish every man and woman and child in America could go to Canada, too! It would hurt them; as war always hurts. It would awaken them; as war always awakens. But how it would spiritualize and inspire them!

From the very day that war was declared, Canada began to give. And there has never been one moment's cessation in that giving. Of men she has given, of happiness; of courage; of devotion and of money—which is the littlest thing of all to give, but which means so very much after all. Because human life is wasted, if it be not given that with which to make it effective.

Canada sent 33,000 men—all volunteers—to the war in less than eight weeks from the day war was declared! Think of that, men of America. America, to equal that record, should have had 429,000 soldiers in France on June 1, 1917.

Canada has subscribed $415,000,000 to Victory Loans. This of course covers three years. But a proportionate subscription of Liberty Bonds in America would amount to $8,300,000,000. In America, when you ask a man for a contribution to the Red Cross, or the Y. M. C. A. he is as liable as not to attempt to excuse himself by saying that he has just bought Liberty Bonds. In Canada, the purchase of Victory Loan securities is no more excuse for failing to give to other charities than would be the purchase of Standard Oil Bonds, or apartment houses, or motor cars. War bonds in Canada are not a gift; they are an investment.

In Canada the subsidiary work of war, that is taken care of in the United States by the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A. and similar organizations, is differently grouped. Canada has had to send to the firing line many married men. This necessitated the establishment of the Patriotic Fund as a means of caring arbitrarily for the cases of widows and children which could not be systematized under government regulation. In addition the Canadian Red Cross is limited to the care of the sick and wounded. Canadians all envy the magnificent scope of our own Red Cross. But this is by the way. Suffice to say that, to these subsidiary war activities Canada has given something over $55,000,000. In the United States this would mean $1,100,000,000, these amounts being figured on the actual basis that the United States has thirteen times the population of Canada and twenty times the wealth.

But even more magnificent than the volume of the giving, is the spirit of it. They no longer make special attempts to get members for the Red Cross. If a man or woman give a thousand dollars, what does it signify which dollar of that thousand lists him as a member? As long as the whole nation belongs to the Red Cross in spirit, what matters it how many names are written down upon a paper?

They have wonderful office staffs voluntary and unpaid, composed of girls, of young widows whose husbands have made the supreme sacrifice. They have given up their homes to help the country. It makes one gulp a little to see them. It shows one how much, how very much, this is a woman's war, after all. It may be the men that do the fighting. But it is the women that stay behind, to work, and to suffer. To watch them, quiet, uncomplaining, gentle—it makes one want to kneel and kiss the hems of their garments.

And the stories one hears!

The old father and mother who had scrimped and sacrificed to save the little bit of money to pay their way down to see their son—their only son—off to the front to which so many men were going and from which so few returned. They reached Montreal, this old man, this clinging little woman. They saw how Canada was giving. And they, too, gave. They gave the little bit of money that was to them so much. They gave up their good bye to their boy. They gave what meant to them their dearest thing on earth and turned and went back again to their lonely home.

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There are countless such cases. They tell you of Indians coming down from the wild countries of Hudson and James bays with furs won by months of labor and hardship, to give an even half of all they have gained to the Red Cross.

But it is not, after all, that Canada gives. It is that Canada is a nation of givers. And that is why, after four years of war, one sees in Canada so few signs of war. Canadians have their burden. Grievous and hard and painful it is. But when all help to bear it, then to each one it becomes the lighter.

And that is why the gentleman beside me on the bench spoke so quietly of the only son that had been killed. It was not that he loved his son less. It was that he loved his son's honor more. And that father, quiet, brave, uncomplaining, has become to me the Spirit of Canada—that Canada that has made up its mind to give its sons to service and its daughters to suffering—to give itself and all it possesses—to the end that liberty and democracy shall not vanish from the earth. Canada knows, as England and France know—as we are beginning to know—that there are things that are worse than death. Life upon a Hunnish earth is of these the first.

And so, with quiet eyes, with firm, fine lips, Canada gives; gives without pomp or splendor; without panoply or vaunt. Her wounds are there. Bitterly they throb and burn and ache, how bitterly only Canada knows. But they are in her heart and in her soul—not upon her face.

And this I came away wanting, above all else on earth, to tell my fellow countrymen. For what Canada has faced, we are facing. For it is Canada's war no longer. It is no longer England's war, or France's, or Italy's. It has come at last to be America's war; your war and my war, and the war of those we love. And you and I and those we love must kill and be killed, must fight and bleed and suffer.

There is no end to this war in sight. No one knows what will come after this war; what chaos; what disorganization; what revolutions; what suffering; what cataclysms, social, political, economic. But one thing can we know, and that surely. That never again will the old world be the calm and gentle place that we knew and dwelt on before Teuton barbarism with bared fangs leaped upon its kindly throat.

We will lose our men in battle. That we cannot help. Boys that we love will be drowned beneath the sickly bellies of the German submarines. That too we cannot help. The living wastage of war will soon begin to return to us in all its ghastly horror; the wounded, the maimed, the crippled. That, too, is but the price that we must pay because in our ignorance and our innocence we allowed a nest of maniacs to grow up in our midst to be controlled by one scrofulous paranoiac whose word to them is law and to us death and dishonor. And that we will help; and as soon as may be.

But meanwhile we *can* help. We can help by giving. We can give of our lives when our lives are needed. We can give of our happiness. We can give of our comforts and our luxuries. We can give of our love, our devotion. We can give of our service. And we can give of our money. Would you consider the saving of a few pieces of shining metal; a few strips of crisp paper; if the saving thereof meant the dishonor of your daughter, the murder of your mother, the slaughter of your brother, the shooting of your father against a wall? And yet it may well mean these things, any or all!

Money is good only because there stands behind it a nation great enough, and honorable enough, and powerful enough, to make it good. If that nation fall, then its money becomes as the pebbles on the shore, as the leaves upon the forest's rotting mold. What will it avail a man if he saves his money and sacrifices his country? For, his country gone, then will his protection be gone. So that not only will he lose his money, but he will lose as well his life and the lives of those he loves.

Think this over, men and women of America, and carefully. And then remember that it is we who stand in the breach, with shining sword drawn, to defend the children of civilization against the Beast of Barbarism. And then ask whether it shall ever be said that we, of America, shall fail those countless gallant men who, for liberty, for humanity, and for democracy, have laid down their lives and poured out their blood upon a thousand miles of sunlit, smiling land.

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GENERAL JOHN J. PERSHING, U. S. A.

"No organization since the world began has done such a great constructive work with the efficiency, dispatch, sympathy, and understanding with which the Red Cross has accomplished its work in France in the last six months."—JOHN J PERSHING

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Personalities Along the Highroad of War

By Isaac F. Marcosson

INDEFATIGABLE, tireless, ever seeking new scenes, Isaac F. Marcosson has probably seen more of the great war than any American now living. Since 1914 he has made five trips to Europe, during which visits he has met every leading allied soldier and statesman a most unusual privilege—and stood on the soil of the four great battles of the war—Ypres, the Somme, Verdun and the Carso.

Mr. Marcosson made a trip to Russia aboard a British destroyer—which he describes as the most thrilling and hazardous of his many experiences—and was the first American to reach Petrograd after the abdication of the Czar. In this letter written last winter to one of the Editorial Board of THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE he describes in an intimate and personal manner his interviews with the great leaders of the great war.—THE EDITORS.

DEAR ——:

This is a sort of family letter from the Composite Seat of Allied Human Interest to the readers of the RED CROSS MAGAZINE

I have seen so much and felt so much that I find it difficult to know where to begin. This war, as others have doubtless told you, becomes an obsession Get the thrill of it into your system and it never gets out The more you see of it the more you want to see. While you

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THE RIGHT HONORABLE DAVID LLOYD GEORGE
Whom the English people recognize as the hope of the Empire

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WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL
Into forty three years he has packed
a century of effort and achievement

LORD NORTHCLIFFE
A famous Britisher who, in spite
of all criticism, is a great patriot

are in the midst of great personal danger you are so absorbed in what goes on about you that it is only after you have reached the zone of safety that you realize what you have been up against.

I now know what it feels like to imagine yourself dead. It happened one day last September when I was in Gorizia, then temporarily among the redeemed—once the high hope of Italian valor and now one of its graveyards. I had crossed the historic Isonzo River under a rain of shells and had made my way into the central section of the town. My companion, a famous English war correspondent, got the inspiration to take a snapshot of me under fire. I stood up against the wreck of a huge public fountain over which still brooded the somewhat battered figure of a German sculptor's idea of Venus. She looked more like a battered Brunhilda, however. I was trying to look as pleasant as possible in the circumstances. No sooner had my friend snapped the shutter than I heard a terrific din. I thought that the world had suddenly come to an end. The stucco building behind me was blown to fragments; the air became a mass of flying plaster; my spectacles were smashed and I stood there choked and shocked. For a moment I thought I was dead. Then I heard the cries of the wounded and the groans of the dying, and I knew that I was still alive.

HAIG: EVERY INCH A MASTER

But this is a digression. I really want to try to tell you something about the men whom I have met along that far-flung highway of war experience so studded with drama and so punctuated with thrills. It is one of the curious ironies of the stupendous conflict that has made the whole world see red, that the most inhuman of performances has revealed the most human of people. I have in mind, for example, that prince of soldiers, Sir Douglas Haig. I met him in a way that brought out very vividly the impressive fact that this is a war of swift and sudden contrasts. For days I had followed the battle-line from the English Channel down to where the vast struggle of the Somme had begun. The whole universe

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GENERAL JAN C. SMUTS
An iron-handed soldier who possesses an unusually spiritual nature

SIR ERIC GEDDES
A miracle wrought in the flaming forge of war emergency

seemed to be a majestic and yet terrifying uproar. I left the highways with their rumbling ammunition trains, creaking trucks, and marching men and found myself in a quiet backwater. Before I knew it I was in the park of an aloof and shaded château. Five minutes later I stood in the presence of the handsomest soldier I have ever seen. There was no mistaking the authority that he radiated. This soft voiced, blue-eyed, fair-haired, deep-chested man, who walked so noiselessly and who seemed more like a virile college president than the master of three million men, was the nerve centre of the mightiest army that has ever spoken the English language. The big quality about Haig—and human history repeats itself in Petain, Cadorna, and Joffre—is simplicity. The more that you meet the great men of this world the more impressed you become with the fact that they are both simple and accessible.

I have seen Haig under various conditions. He is the one outstanding chieftain of the war who knows how to treat triumph and disaster just the same. Nothing ruffles him. I once asked him how he felt about a certain achievement—an event, by the way, that registered a superb personal heroism—and he replied: "It was just part of the day's work."

Haig is a curious contrast with Korniloff and Brusiloff. Like the Latin soldiers of eminence—Nivelle for instance—these two Russians, who are really imposing-looking men, have a tendency to go up in the air. I remember distinctly how Brusiloff came to Petrograd while I was there and was rubbed the wrong way by Kerensky. His eyes flashed, his shoulders heaved like a melodramatic queen, and yet when the smoke of this conversational tumult cleared away you found out that the whole row was about a suggestion that the color of certain uniforms be changed!

The Ministry of Munitions very naturally brings up that Darling of Destiny, Winston Spencer Churchill. If Lloyd George's career is the most remarkable of the war, then Winston's—everybody in England calls him "Winston"—is the most amazing. Into forty-three years he has packed several centuries of

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MARÉCHAL JOSEPH JOFFRE

"Papa" Joffre, the darling of the French Republic, is fat and paternal. All the sunshine and good-humor of the French people seem to be reflected in his jovial face

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effort and achievement. In this war I have watched the ebb and flow of his fortunes. For example, when I was in England in January 1917, he had gone into the discard with Asquith under Northcliffe's incessant hammering. In our vernacular, so far as public service was concerned, he was down and out. When I returned to London last July he sat enthroned as Minister of Munitions; his marvelous energy was going full tilt. He had "come back."

I went to see Churchill one day just before I returned to America in November. I think you would have liked to have gone with me. His office happens to be the former bridal suite of the old Métropole Hotel which, like many hotels in London, has been commandeered for war work. Churchill was striding up and down with a big, fat, black, cigar in his mouth, smoking and talking incessantly. He is one of the most brilliant conversationalists in England. He began to speak of America and the war. Being half American himself he spoke with an eloquence that was thrilling. One thing he said that day has stuck in my memory. It was this: "The biggest thing in this war is that America and England are lined up for a common cause. We must always walk together."

THE GENIUS OF THE BRITISH PRESS

You cannot speak of Churchill without bringing Northcliffe to mind. The more I see of this remarkable man the more I wish that we had his prototype in America. Unfortunately we have none. He is everything that Dana, Pultizer, Jones, and Hearst ever dreamed of or aspired to be. Do you know why? It is simply because he is a great reporter himself and none of our outstanding editors has been a news-gatherer. People may say that Northcliffe is a yellow journalist, a scandalmonger—a commercializer of a noble calling. He may be everything that his enemies claim he is but he is also one thing above all others, a great patriot. He once said to me shortly after his exposure of the shell shortage had caused the *Times* to be burned in the streets and several attempts made upon his life: "I would rather lose every pound I have in the world than surrender my convictions."

I never knew a man who worked just the way that Northcliffe does. He has called me up as early as seven o'clock in the morning. By that time he had already done three hours' work in bed. But he is not a bed-worker of the Mark Twain type who remained under cover because it was easier than to get up. I always tell Northcliffe that he is really half American and I think that secretly makes him feel very proud.

A remarkable figure in British Imperial life to-day is the least-known. I mean General J. C. Smuts, the great Boer leader who has become, so far as public service is concerned, a combination of Lloyd George and Geddes. I happened to be in London in 1915 when he arrived to attend the Imperial War Conference. To it came all the oversea Premiers and Potentates but Smuts was the most romantic figure of them all.

The day after he got to London I went into the barber shop of the Savoy Hotel to get shaved as was my early morning custom. No sooner had I sat down in my chair than I saw General Smuts appear. I recognized him from his photographs and immediately got up and said: "Won't you take my place, General?" He refused and insisted that I keep my seat and stood alongside the chair during the whole time that I was being shaved. I wished that I had ordered my hair cut, my nails

WHAT THE RED CROSS MEANS

THE stay-at-home American cannot realize what the Red Cross means in this war. Just as it is the world's most colossal struggle, enlisting more millions and creating a wider havoc than any other war, so are the demands for mercy greater than ever before. Without the Red Cross this war could not be waged; certainly it cannot be won. I have been with six armies and on half a dozen fronts. Wherever I have gone the Red Cross has been in the thick of battle—first to aid, last to rest. It needs every dollar that can be raised for it: every bit of loyalty that can be mustered. No money expended in the war reaps so rich a harvest of gratitude and service. The Red Cross is succour and sustenance. It is the Supreme Antidote.—ISAAC F. MARCOSSON.

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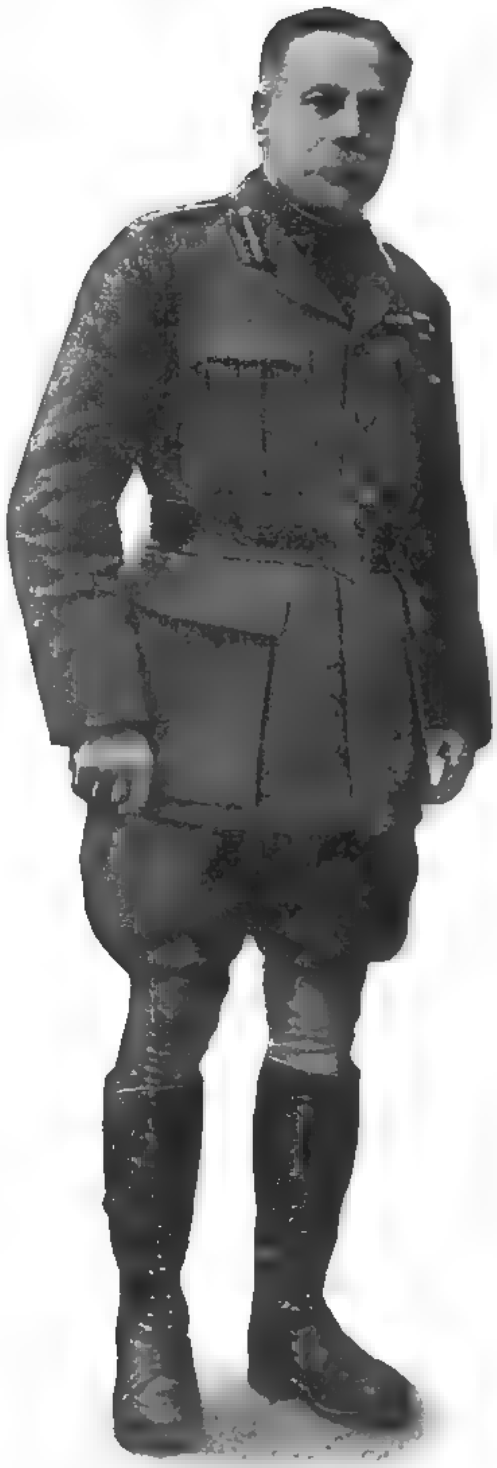

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SIR DOUGLAS HAIG
Field Marshal and Commander of the British forces in Europe

manicured, and every job that could be done in a barber shop, because Smuts, who speaks English with a Cambridge accent, is one of the rare personalities of the war.

When he reached London at the time I mention he expected to stay four weeks. He has been there ever since. Whenever Britain wants a complicated job done, Smuts is sent to do it. It may be a speech to striking coal-miners, a mission to the French armies, a journey to the Italian front.

Out of that chance barber-shop meeting developed a friendship which I value very highly. I saw Smuts many times afterward. His face is one of the saddest in the world. It is not the sadness born of the wrecked national hopes of those gallant Boers however. When you come to know Smuts you find that despite the fact that he is an iron-handed soldier there is a fine spiritual side to his nature.

Since I have mentioned the name of Kerensky it might be well perhaps for me to tell you something about him. With the exception of Lloyd George he is the most remarkable personality that I have met in the war. Certainly no other conspicuous figure had such a spectacular entrance upon the great stage of world events; none went into such dramatic eclipse. Although prophecy has no place in the shifting vocabulary of the war, I still believe that Kerensky, or rather the force that projected him into power, may come back. It was Kerensky more than any other man who made the Russian Revolution possible. Himself a human volcano in almost continuous eruption, he was the Great Restrainer of the Revolt. In America we would have called Kerensky a second Henry Clay in that he was the supreme pacificator. I heard him make his great speech before the Council of Soldiers' and Workmen's Delegates. It was not only a hostile body but the speaker's life was in danger. Yet he walked calmly—almost like a man exalted—to the end of the platform, raised his hand and before he had spoken a hundred words the crowd was cowed.

LLOYD GEORGE'S REMARKABLE PERSONALITY

It took me back to an almost identical experience with Lloyd George. He was then Minister of Munitions and I journeyed with him to the quaint city of Bristol where he went to speak before the Labor Congress. At that time labor, as always, was in a state of

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unrest. It demanded a huge share of the munitions profits and it held the little Welshman, then on his way to the premiership—responsible. Like Kerensky, he faced defiance, but the moment that silvery voice floated out over the multitude it fell under what seemed to be a magic spell. Lloyd George had a triumph. That night we traveled back to London and through the weariness which had followed that day of action and excitement I saw the real Lloyd George for the first time. He was like a tired child—like a boy who had worn himself out at play and who wanted to relax. Yet he was far from being fretful. On the contrary there was something in his success that made him humble. Then it was that I realized the bigness of the man who is to-day the very Hope of Empire.

When I met Kerensky for the first time, I said to myself: "This is the Lloyd George of Russia." These two remarkable men have much in common. They are both great orators; both highly emotional; both self-made, and both projected into eminence on the high tide of spectacular event. The reason why Kerensky failed, first of all, is that he was an amateur statesman; the second is that he is not a good listener. Had he accepted Korniloff's offer of militant coöperation Lenine never would have risen to power. Kerensky regarded himself as the God-given leader and failed.

Lloyd George, on the other hand, knows how to listen both to reason and to experience. Like a truly great leader, he learns from everyone. He once said to me: "No matter what happens I have always tried my best."

SIR ERIC GEDDES, THE ROOSEVELT OF BRITAIN

I am afraid that this is a very rambling sort of letter but one human mile post leads to another. Writing of Lloyd George brings me to the man who, with the tireless Lord Northcliffe, is one of the props of Britain. I mean Sir Eric Geddes, who less than twenty years ago was a section hand on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad in the United States, and who is to-day First Lord of the Admiralty. He is another one of the miracles wrought in the flaming forge of war emergency. He put the military railways in France on the map, reorganized the navy on a business basis, and now faces the gigantic task of squelching the submarine. Meet Geddes and you get the visualization of dy-

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GENERAL PETAIN

The silent, ascetic general of the French forces on the western front

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namic power. He is the Roosevelt of British public life, but with this difference; he keeps the Maxim silencer clamped down on his tongue. I have rarely met a man so silent and yet so active. He is big, broad, athletic—a glutton for work. He helped Lloyd George make the Ministry of Munitions and there are many people in Great Britain to-day who believe that he has a good chance to become Prime Minister.

Until a few months ago the most striking public figure in France was Alexander F. Ribot, who at eighty-three became Premier, I shall always remember the first time I met him. He was Minister of Finance and he stood near a window in the splendid old Louvre Palace in a half shadow. He had on a black skull cap. With his straggly white hair and tangled white beard, his deep piercing eyes and sunken cheeks, he looked just as if he had stepped out of a Rembrandt etching. Ribot has weathered many a ministerial storm. He has a deep and abiding affection for America, based, for one thing, on the fact that his wife was born in Chicago.

There never was a greater contrast in type than exists between those three great French soldiers—Joffre, Nivelle, and Petain—who have successively been the military hope of our sister Republic. Père Joffre is fat and paternal, slouchy and almost slovenly about his dress, and looks as if he enjoyed what he ate. Nivelle is smart, alert, and wears his clothes immaculately. Petain is more of the ascetic for he is tall, aloof, and silent. Like Haig he gives you the impression of serious-mindedness. It begets confidence.

AN IMPRESSION OF GENERAL PERSHING

I have saved for the last the one personality of the war in Europe that concerns us most. I met him under conditions that, had they been staged for the occasion, could not have been more impressive. For nearly two years I had followed the trail of the guns. I had seen millions of men under many flags, up and down the thousand-mile battle front. Late one afternoon last October I got out of a train at a little town in France and climbed aboard a waiting motor car. Up and down the platform of the station moved lithe, lean, bronzed, smooth-faced men in khaki. I heard voices saying: "Cut out that noise" and "Let's beat it back to camp, Bill." It was like music to my ear. I suddenly realized that, after much wandering amid strange peoples and stranger tongues, I had at last come to my own.

A few moments later I was speeding up the poplar-lined road. Twilight was coming on and the hills, red and brown in their autumnal mantle, looked strangely wistful. The great silence was in sharp contrast with the hideous tumult of battle that had pounded my ears so long. We came to a sharp turn in the highway. I looked to the right and there, whipped out by the winds of France and with the last rays of the setting sun full upon it, I saw the most moving sight that I have yet beheld in the war. It was the American flag unfurled over the soil of the Great Redemption. No spectacle, not even the unexpected emerging of the British Grand Fleet in battle order out of the haze of the Scotch coast one afternoon last March, or the sight of Cadorna's men in their last charge up the hell-swept slopes of Monte San Gabriele, touched me or moved me so much.

At the end of this journey I rattled into a small French city, climbed the steps of a big square building which flew the American and French flags, and almost before I knew it my hand had been grasped by a big, broad, superb-looking man, with deep lines in his face and an appealing sadness in his eyes. There was something about him that held you fast and made you feel that here was a real person. It was General Pershing.

When I left him that night he said: "You will probably speak and write to many people when you get back home. Tell them for me that the American troops in France must be made to feel that the whole country is behind them."

This is the message that I would leave with you and through you to all the people who read The Red Cross Magazine. It is a wonderful thing for them to apply their grateful antidote to the wounds of war but their task will not be complete until they and all their neighbors, show by word and deed—as with hand and purse—that they are heart and soul with those gallant troops over-seas.

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"Just Trust Uncle Sam"

By Frazier Hunt

THE three old-fashioned graces somehow seem strangely out of place in these days of war. We think of them as being virtues that lived only in those already half-forgotten times when the world was not mad.

But, more than ever before, they are needed now to soften and mellow our hours of doubt and questionings and misgivings.

We need Faith in America.

We must hold Hope for the world's future.

We must exercise Charity toward those who are doing their best—despite mistakes, failures, delays—despite everything.

The other day a little thirteen-year-old girl, quite appropriately named Grace—Mistress Grace Blayney, of busy, excited, war-thrilled New York City—sort of led the way to all of this. To an olive-drab, sleeveless sweater-vest, knit by Mistress Blayney, according to Red Cross standards and sent by the organization along with 30,000 other sweaters to New York's draft cantonment at Camp Upton, Long Island, was pinned a note written on pink stationery. A private in Company H, 306th Infantry, N. A., receiving the sweater found the note. And this is what Mistress Grace had written to this unknown soldier in the big, round script that you might expect a thirteen-year-old girl to use:

DEAR SOLDIER BOY:

I hope this sweater will keep you warm and comfy. I am thirteen years old and I have had a lot of fun knitting it, and I have been very happy to think that it may help some soldier boy.

I suppose that there will be many times when you will be discouraged and feel pretty bad. Well, all you have to do is to just trust Uncle Sam. Everything is going to come out all right in the end and so you just want to trust America.

We are all going to help you, soldier boys.

Your little friend,

GRACE BLAYNEY.

Just trust Uncle Sam!

Surely the people of this great country can learn much from the very simple and sweet philosophy of this little thirteen-year-old patriot.

Trust America!

Go east or west or north or south from wherever you may be—even just start in one direction for a hundred or a trifling thousand miles. See the great, wonderful country America has and is. Feel the strong, full pulse of the hundred million people. See miles of homes resting neighborly together with a Red Cross sign of service and humanity in each—and realize that in every one of these same Red Cross homes there are Liberty Bonds.

Talk with the thousands of American mothers who have given their sons that the world might go free—and feel the great thrill of the thousands of others who are ready and waiting to make the sacrifice. See the millions of fertile acres now popping with growing crops—and other millions of acres dotted with grazing cattle that will feed the world.

Then when you come back home you'll believe with little Mistress Grace that all America has to do is just to trust Uncle Sam.

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Drawn by W T Benda

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It Was the Road to Jericho

By Annie Fellows Johnston

(Author "The Little Colonel," "The Desert of Waiting," Etc.)

It was the road to Jericho,
And brave indeed the man
Who went alone and waited not
To join the caravan.

For robber hordes swooped down the cliffs
Like eagles on their prey,
And mercy was not known to them,
Theirs but to kill and slay.

Along the road to Jericho
A man went riding by,
He heard a groan of mortal pain,
He heard a piercing cry.

He got him down from off his beast,
He found the one who bled,
The thieves had bruised and beaten him
And left him well nigh dead.

(The Levite and the priest had passed,
The calls to them were vain).
He bound his wounds. With oil and wine
He eased the grievous pain.

Then to the inn he carried him
And paid the Keeper's price,
As one who does a deed for love,
Nor counts it sacrifice.

Lo, as he passed upon his way,
His robe it showed a stain—
Two red marks on his white sleeve, where
The bleeding head had lain.

Two red, red lines which made a cross,
And marked him as the man
Whose name is, till the end of time,
"The Good Samaritan."

II

The World pressed toward its Jericho,
The goal of its desire—
Its marts, its pleasures and its shrines
Its dreams of great empire.

A hoard of gold it bore along
To barter and to buy,
But on the road, by thieves beset,
It, too, was left to die.

The Son of God came down that way
To succour and to save,
To bind its wounds, to heal its sin
To lift it from the grave.

Lo, He too, went upon His way
When He had paid the price,
Marked by the red, red lines that make
The Cross of Sacrifice.

III

Now onward to our Jericho
We press with bated breath,
For evil grows the way, and dark.
On every hand stalks death.

The robber hordes that strip and slay
Take more than gold, forsooth,
They kill our holiest of Hopes—
They take all Love—all Youth!

Oh, who shall staunch such world-wide woe—
Such universe of pain?
And who has oil and wine enough?
And must they cry in vain?

Nay! On the road to Jericho
There be a million now,
Who bear Christ's pity in their hearts,
His sign upon their brow.

And millions more shall follow them
To bind and to restore,
Till all the highway is made safe
And war shall be no more.

Now God give grace to all who bear,
And may His love suffice
To blaze upon each heart this day
The Cross of Sacrifice.

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'SECTION ONE, ITALY'

Members of the American Red Cross Ambulance Unit who drove the ambulances all the way from Paris to Padua—received an ovation from the enthusiastic Italians all along the route

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Answering Italy's Cry for Help

with the Red Cross Ambulance on their Dash from Paris to Milan

By George Buchanan Fife

IF EVER an American Red Cross Ambulance Unit went to the front with an incentive to win distinction, it was "Section One, Italy." This section—the first to be recruited by the American Red Cross for Italian service—drove the ambulances and camions all the way from Paris to Milan, nearly 1,240 miles, and then, after a brief pause for necessary overhauling and repairs, went on again, eastward toward Padua—about 155 miles more—to the very brink of the fighting.

When the convoy rolled into Milan early in December, men and machines alike were gray with the dust of eighteen days upon the highways of France and Italy. The men, powdered from caps to leggings, suggested an assortment of bottles from a priceless cellar. The ambulances, clean war-drab when they left Paris, were so coated that the once-brilliant Red Crosses upon fronts and sides were all but obliterated. Even the words, "American Red Cross," neatly done in black upon each long side panel, had become illegible hieroglyphics.

But upon every ambulance in the train, surviving, as a symbol, both the dust and the windy cold of northern Italy, were the flowers and the palms and the branches of orange with a weight of fruit upon them which the kindly Italian folk had fastened there or tossed into the drivers' laps as the cars wound their way through sunny villages. The clusters of blossoms were tucked into the folds of side curtains, into the loops of buckled straps, even under lamp brackets; wherever it seemed that a place could be found for them. These flowers and sprays of green—and a few hastily snipped-off bits of tricolored Italian ribbon which sundry enterprising damsels had pinned to the coats and caps of the more fortunate ambulance men—were the only sparks of color in all that grey line the day it entered Milan. They were the tangible tokens of the greeting the convoy received. The intangible ones—the cheering, the hands waved from crowded doorways, the small boys running along beside the ambulances, until breath and legs gave out, the smiles (winsome in Italy at any age), the "good mornings," wished quite regardless of the hour, even the ominous "good byes" were no less colorful, no less to be remembered.

The initial instance of Italian welcome and hospitality came at the very border, at Ventimiglia where the cars halted for passport formalities—which never occurred. The most elaborate preparations had been made to meet whatever requirements might be imposed by the Italian officials at the frontier. But Italian courtesy was apparently above these usual requirements and "Section One, Italy" entered the Kingdom through a graciously wide gateway to the accompaniment of very precise salutes from the squad of soldiers at the post.

Nor was this all the welcome. Soon after the cars entered the town and stopped for a formal roll call, a number of young Italian women appeared with cups of tea, and oranges which demanded neither urging nor a knowledge of the language for acceptance. As these young women spoke French they were quick to make their greeting of the convoy understood but they confessed that until they had deciphered the word "American" on the ambulances they had thought it English, though not less delighted to learn its true nationality. When one of the men explained that the ambulances had been driven down from Paris

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THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO MILAN

The arrival of the ambulances only a few days after the United States' declaration of war upon Austria gave Italy tangible evidence of America's friendship which was greatly appreciated after the enemy's offensive into Italy

and were hastening to the Italian front, one of the impromptu hostesses replied with a twinkling eye, "That is a long journey, isn't it? But I prefer to believe that you would have come all the way from America to help us!"

And when she held out a small Italian flag as a sort of exclamation point to her pleasantry, four men grabbed for it at once.

LUNCHEON WITH THE CUSTOMS GUARDS

Another welcome at the Italian threshold came when a section of the convoy halted for radiator water at Grimaldi, the customs station a few kilometres away. The guard post, a stocky four-square building of stucco at the turn of a steeply rising road, divides itself between upholding the dignity and the financial interests of the Kingdom of Italy at one end and housing a little grocery and wine-shop at the other.

Idling about their own doorway as the cars came up were a dozen gray-clad customs guards whose round hats, turned down in front and sharply up in the back and adorned at the side with a long, rakish quill-feather, instantly suggested a chorus from "Robin Hood." A sign over one portal left no doubt that this half was the customs station but the custom seemed to be to welcome travellers to Italy—*via* the entrance next door!

Only one of the ambulance men was at all fluent in Italian and the only thing he could say was something which sounded like "crotcheyrossa." Eventually he had to translate it for the guards by taking one of them outdoors to an ambulance, rubbing the dust off its sides and pointing to the Red Cross. It worked a miracle! As soon as the Robin Hood chorus learned that the convoy was American (the linguist had scarcely any trouble at all with that), and bound for the Italian front (here was where gesture became a fine art), there was immediate insistance that the party remain with the guards for luncheon.

The linguist (who was hungry) accepted at once for everyone and the guards and their guests tramped down a ponderous iron stairway into a stone-paved room in the basement. From a stove in one corner a steaming dish of spaghetti and a tender nubbin of fried pork were dealt out to each of the guests, with

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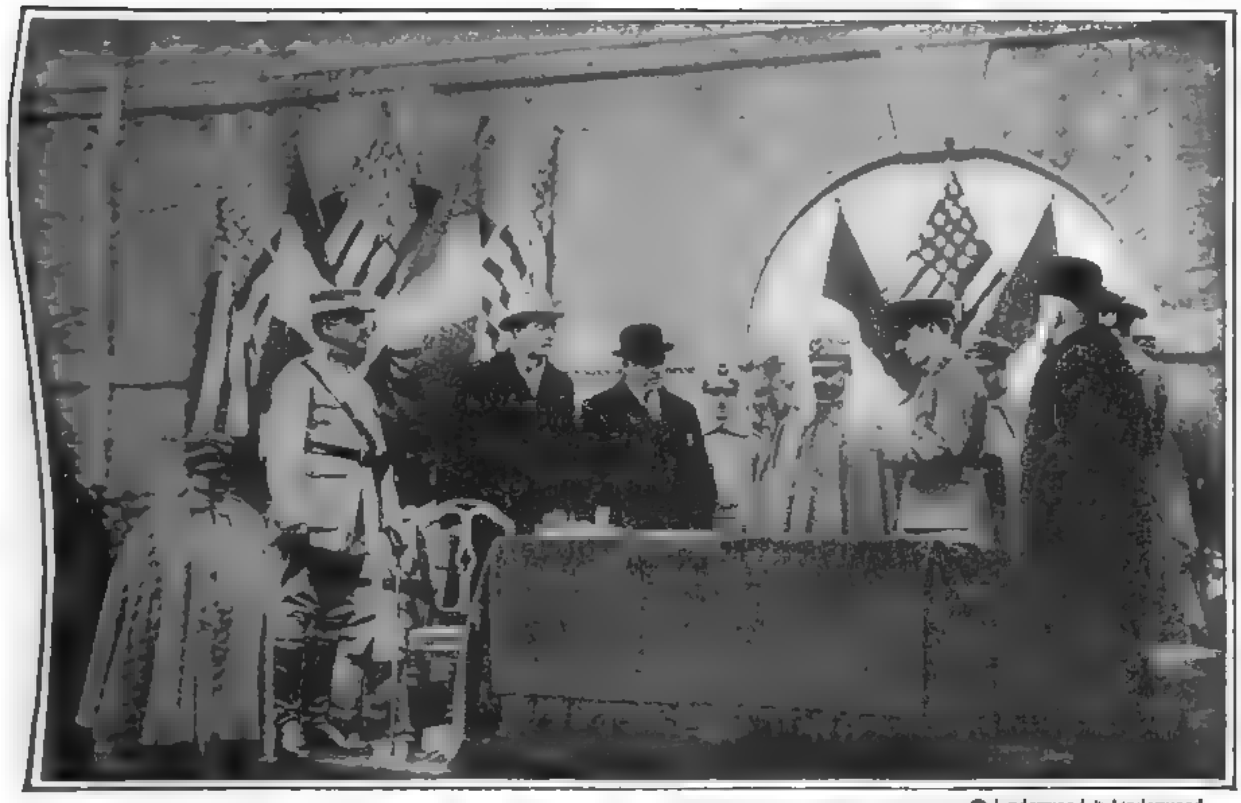

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PRESENTING THE AMBULANCES TO ITALY

Mr. Prentice (reading from paper) head of the Red Cross Ambulance section presenting the ambulances to the military commander of Milan on the arrival of the convoy from Paris

pinkish wine. So determined were the hosts that their guests should have their fill that not until the delectable repast was almost at an end was it discovered that the customs men had retained practically no luncheon for themselves. And if that isn't the quintessence of hospitality, what is?

In the brilliantly sunny towns where halts were ordered, either for luncheon or to permit stragglers who had been punctured out of the run to regain their places in line, the interest and curiosity of the community were limitless. No sooner did the cars stop than they were surrounded by men, women, small boys and dogs. The convoy linguist now worked overtime with his "crotcheyrossa," adding "Americana" to it, only to be met in one instance with the inquiry, "North America or South America?" This was a heartbreaker! But someone piped up with "États-Unis d'Amérique" and indicated a dusty "U. S." stenciled on the back of a car. It produced a glimmer of a smile but was not entirely successful.

"Tell 'em Mulberry Street, New York. I'll bet they know where that is!" was instantly suggested.

"If you know what the word for Mulberry is, try it yourself!" the linguist retorted, adding to the crowd, "Crotcheyrossa—New Yorka—get me?" And instantly a bent old man at the edge of the gathering cried, "*si, si,*" and grinned to the ears.

"All right, Steve, let it go at that?" the ambulance man replied, waving his hat to the old man who nodded with evident pleasure and began a chatter of explanation to his neighbor.

Through several of the little coast towns the way led down streets so narrow that there was no room for sidewalks and the cars almost scraped the doorposts as they shouldered along over the worn cobbles. News of the convoy's coming was always borne in some way from every stopping place to the next two or three communities ahead, so the main street was invariably thronged at the entry of the first ambulance. Where the street was narrow there was a great scampering for the safety of doorways, while the machines went by. As the pace was necessarily slow, it gave these hospitable people not only a harmless bit of exercise but the opportunity to throw flowers

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and fruit, even bags of roasted chestnuts, into the laps of the drivers. Nervous marksmanship with oranges gave some of the men startling bangs in the face so that ducking came to be rather a habit after the third or fourth town. Often it was apparent that these impulsive offerings had been snatched up from bowl or cupboard as the eager householders hastened to their doorways when the noise of the arriving cars awakened a street from its sunny dozing. It seemed particularly true of the many old women who leaned timidly forward from their thresholds with single small oranges or a few nuts in their withered hands.

In some of the little communities, houses arched the streets through which the convoy went, and many times from the vantage point of upper windows flowers were flung down with a merry wave of the hand and a smile—that unforgettable Italian smile!

Photographic postcards were a staple gift along the Riviera and perhaps it argues for the attractiveness of Section One, that in many, many cases, when the line was halted for any great length of time, the pulchritudinous young women who presented the cards improved the shining hour with a jealous eye to the future by writing their own names and addresses on them.

A DUBIOUS COMPLIMENT

The first day of the Italian run took the convoy through Port Maurizio, Diano Marina, Marina-d'Andora and Alassio, with a stop at Albenga. The hotelkeeper (who deserves knighthood for his fried fish) presented a large, important-looking guest book and, with a punctilious bow, begged the signature of every man. This seemed a decided compliment but quite in key with the reception accorded the convoy. The men were all for putting down their birthplaces and lots of other things about themselves until the proprietor explained that he wished the names merely that he might thus explain to the authorities why so much bread had been used.

"Bread is very scarce in Italy just now," he added, "and if my patrons do not sign I cannot get enough for to-morrow."

After luncheon, a run of about twenty-five miles, past Borghetto-San Spirito, Finale-Marina, Bergeggi and Vado, along the same shelf-road in the cliffs, with the sea a limitless blue to eastward, brought the ambulance train to Savona for the night.

The military authorities of Savona set a pace for Milan itself in their courtesies to Section One.

But it was the interpreter assigned to the convoy, a young Italian of the Bersaglieri, with the brassard of British Headquarters service on his sleeve, who provided a more tangible link with the things that some of us had left at home. After he had presented himself, with a sharp click of heels and a punctilious Italian salute, and said—in our own English—"I've been detailed to give you any help you need, like finding hotel rooms and showing you the way around, as long as you're here," someone asked him where he had learned his English.

"Oh, I come from New York," he replied with a laugh. "I've lived over there since I was a kid. When I left to come back here I was dancing with a Spanish girl in the Hippodrome show. Some change, isn't it?" And any answer but a smile would have been quite superfluous.

Pontedecimo, a winding, hilly, little town, is completely overrun with children. As soon as the cars were drawn up in a rather wider part of the main street, the children swarmed about them. They sat in the seats, on the running boards, on the motor hoods; they blew the horns, screwed and unscrewed the radiator caps, tried to get in through the backs of the ambulances the instant they were opened and generally made themselves quite at home.

The arrival of the convoy was a test of the feeding capacity of the community which almost failed. The two restaurants offered accommodations for ten of the men but it was (a shrug of deep regret) quite impossible (another shrug) to provide for thirty-four (a third shrug with eyes upturned). But just then, out of a cloudy sky, came the rescuing angel—an Italian soldier attached to the small garrison of the town. Providentially he spoke French and when he had listened for a time to the Italo-Franco-English dialogue at the doorway of one of the restaurants, he shouldered his way in with a suggestion and a solution. This was that if food were purchased at a neighboring grocery he would see to it that it was cooked, because one of his friends, one of his dearest, in fact one of his most treasured friends, kept the wine-shop across the way and there would the food be prepared—yes, he was sure it would be because

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he himself would supervise it! But, first of all, he would hurry over there and make arrangements while the food was being bought.

The happy result of all this was the accumulation of a stock of ham and eggs, sausages, sardines, honey and bread and its appetizing preparation in the smoky little wine-shop in the street where the cars were parked. And when it came to the service of the dinner, our energetic soldier insisted upon waiting on the tables himself. It was too great an honor and pleasure to be denied him, he explained.

The hour he spent in attending to the ravenous wants of that ambulance crew must have been one of the busiest of his life. There was not one instant of it in which he was not either on his way from the kitchen, both hands filled with dishes, or on his way back for the inevitable "more." His speed and agility were not so remarkable after all, because he proudly proclaimed himself to be one of the foremost gymnasts and acrobats in all Europe. "I have given exhibitions of my skill everywhere," he said, "and I have had my picture in the journals of the Continent! Oh, if I were in my clothes of the theatre I could show you some marvelous leapings and turnings!"

"Well, see if you can leap from here to the kitchen and get me some more ham!" the linguist called to him, and no one laughed louder than the soldier himself.

A TOAST TO "VILSON"

While dinner was on, the door of the wine-shop opened and a sergeant entered with a swagger. The acrobat, who, by some strange chance, had a hand free, gave him a salute, and, edging over, explained the presence of the hungry horde of Americans, By this time the shop had quite filled with soldiers and the gilded youth of the place and the section was under a fire of inspection and comment. When the sergeant entered there was a momentary lull, owing to his obvious importance, but no sooner had the gymnastic soldier-waiter-friend imparted the news to him than he ordered a bottle of wine and, filling a glass, strode over to the tables. Lifting both glass and bottle high above his head, he rose on tiptoe and in a voice like the Bull of Bashan, roared, "Vilson, Vilson! Presidente Vilson!" and then drained the glass at a gulp.

He got a reception for that which sounded as if the shop were being torn down, whereupon he roared "Vilson!" all the louder and insisted on filling all the glasses he could reach. When an offer was made to engage him in conversation, the acrobat explained that "Vilson" was the only English word the sergeant knew, but that he was inordinately proud of it, and that if we would let him shout it every now and then he would be quite content. So the dinner went on, with the cry ringing out at unexpected intervals and a wide, unfading smile on the face of the sergeant.

Music was provided later by the arrival of three young men, one with a mandolin, another with a guitar and the third gifted as a whistler, who, however, did not succeed in bottling up the sergeant and his enthusiasm. He had never before had such an appreciative audience and was determined not to lose that golden opportunity. Indeed, the cry "Vilson!' was the last thing to be heard in Pontedecimo that night. It tolled out with all the sonorousness of curfew as the ambulance men settled themselves in the beds they contrived on the brancards in their cars.

Northward from Pontedecimo, the convoy climbed the windy pass to Giovi where two soldiers in a British camion, seeing the men flail their arms to get warm, cried out; "If you think it's cold here, wait till you get on the other side!" (They were right!) Then came Tortona and, late in the afternoon, Pavia. There the military chief gave place for the cars in the great court of a huge artillery barracks and valuable advice as to hotels for the night.

The next day saw the entrance into Milan. To the section leader, who went ahead to arrange for a garage wherein the cars might be overhauled, the headquarters staff offered a colonel as a fitting officer to meet the convoy at the city limits and escort it in. But as this would have necessitated a delay of at least two hours, it was decided to make a more modest entry. So the cars, streaked with dust, but still bearing the flowers and palms of an earlier hospitality, came into the ancient city unattended.

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There is a secret laughter
That often comes to me,
And though I go about my work
As humble as can be,

There is no prince or prelate
I envy—no, not one.
No evil can befall me—
By God, I have a son!

Christopher Morley.

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Letters to the Mother of a Soldier

By Richardson Wright

Illustrated by JOHN FROST

The Club.

DEAR SISTER MOLLY:

"Safe in France!"

A thrill ran down my old spine as I read it in the paper this morning, and I have been happy ever since—happy that they are there, but really envious of them.

Do you realize, Molly, that Americans who never dreamed they would be in France, are there to-day, and that they have gone for such a purpose as never before Americans went to France to accomplish!

Before this, Americans always went to France to take something from her. To-day they are taking something to her.

Think of the things you and dear old George and I went to France for——

Paris was France for us in those days—Paris of the pre-Catalan, the Louvre, the Palais Royal; Paris of the lithesome grace and tinkling laughter; Paris of the white nights, where good Americans go when they die; Paris, "the world's great mart where joy is trafficked in," as Alan Seeger put it.

We were average, healthy-minded Americans. We had an affection for the old world's way of living, and a decent regard for its culture and colorful past. But we went to France to have a good time.

To-day a strange company of Americans *has gone there*. Men of stern purpose. Men *in khaki*. Men with guns and bayonets. Men with rails and locomotives and airplanes and artillery and all the grim munitions of war. Never before did such Americans go to France.

I am proud that we can at last pay back our debt to France. Not the debt for Lafayette—I'm not thinking of that—but our own debt for our happy days there, our golden, idle hours, our rare, spiritual awakenings, our schooling in noble and beautiful things.

I heard this idea expressed by an editor recently. He has a boy in the American Ambulance who was awarded the Croix de Guerre, and in speaking of him, he said, "Before he left, I told Ned that I was too old to fight and give back half of what France gave me in the years I lived there, and that it was up to him to square my account. Now, by George, the French have insisted on piling up my debt by decorating him! It's characteristic of them, isn't it?"

"The Mill," Silvermine.

DEAR MOLLY:

Yes, that is a terrible fact, but it is true, nevertheless. American boys are just as vulnerable to bullets as French boys or British or Russian or German.

Somehow, we have a vague notion that because they are ours they can surmount all dangers. That was what mothers in other lands consoled themselves with—until the casualty lists came in.

Mothers of Men

DO YOU realize the great honor that is yours to-day? Do you grasp the significance of the fact that your son—or it may be, sons—has buckled on the armor of righteousness and gone forth, one more to swell the ranks of those who seek to maintain justice and liberty?

Surely here is no cause for tears and lamentation. Rather is there cause for quiet rejoicing and a simple pride that your boys have not failed when the test came.

So carry your heads high. You have a right to your pride!

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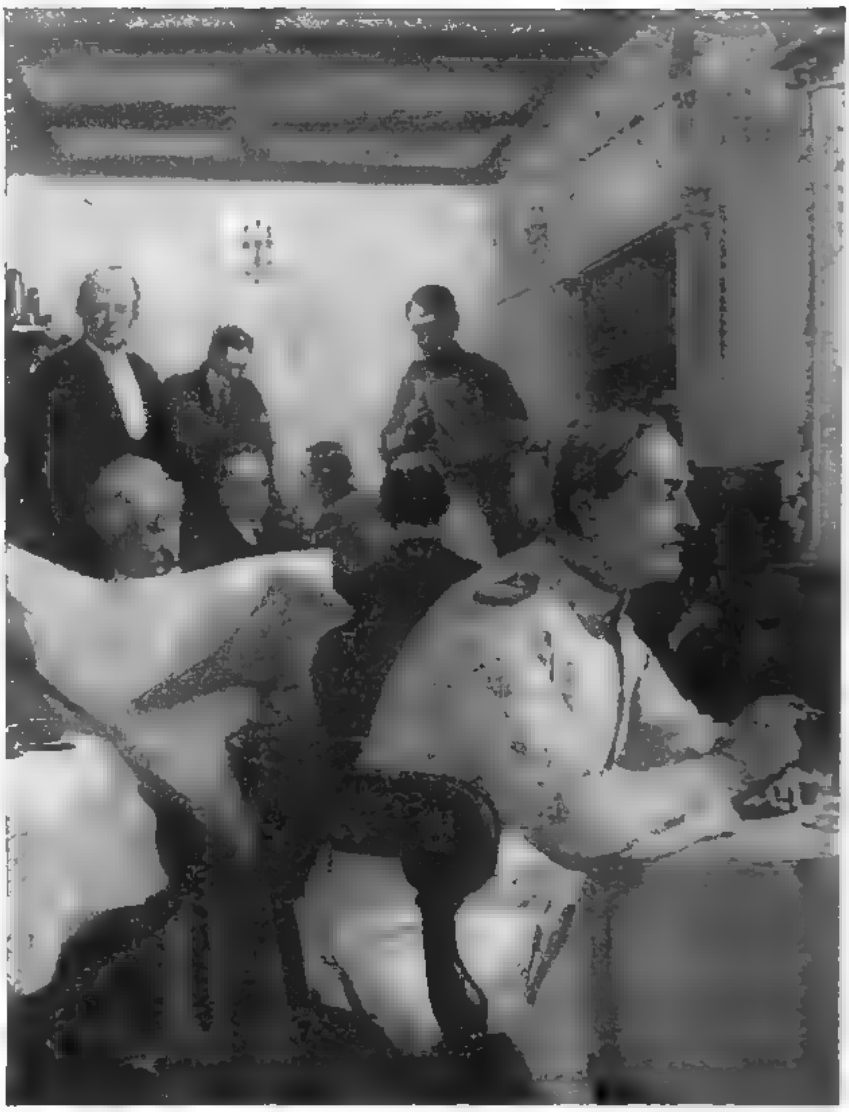
We must all steel ourselves to accept these tragedies. We must be mentally ready—trained to receive blows and to "come back." You can "come back" if you are willing to train. A boxer trains for a fight, a runner for a race, why not you, mothers and fathers, for the spiritual conflicts which are surely coming to pass?

Do not think that you can hastily acquire a stoicism to meet a desperate emergency. On the other hand, do not be constantly expecting a blow. Worry will no more prevent its coming than worrying will stop a bullet in its course. Instead, go about your day with an air of determination, assurance, and cheer.

Keep yourself in the best possible health. The strong body will help maintain the strong mind. Do not overdo war activities. Have other interests—go to the theatre now and then; drop into a "movie"; eat out at a restaurant or a friend's house once in a while.

Always carry your head high. You have a right to your pride. Besides, carrying your head high will make you walk correctly, and walking correctly is good for one's figure!

I also think that the well-held head indicates the well-held spirit—a soul reserved, calm observant, sure of itself. If you do this in public, you will also do it in private. You will be a Spartan mother.



It is five o'clock. The grill is filled to capacity . . . . Half the men

Camp——

DEAR MOLLY:

Yes, I have changed, and I'm not ashamed to acknowledge it.

I used to look on the war intellectually, dispassionately. To-day it is a real menace to me. And the sooner we can spread the fear of this menace throughout America, the sooner we will be able to crush it.

America is not awake to what it faces. We haven't got past the flag-waving stage. Wait until our papers are filled with casualty lists. Wait until you read, with each breakfast, the names of the men you know who have made the supreme sacrifice. Wait until our boys crawl back to tell us the things that actually happen. We dare not print them in our papers. We can only hear them from men who have seen them committed.

What does it mean to American mothers that scores of hospitals in France hold their hideous quota of outraged women, insane or on the verge of insanity, pleading for the release of death? Does the awful collapse of the morale of European womanhood mean

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are in khaki. And . . . . . not a man in that grill is drinking any thing stronger than ginger ale

anything to you? Do crucified, maimed, diseased children mean anything to you?

You want to know what you can do besides Red Cross work and buying Liberty Bonds. You can do this: You can go among the men and women of your town and awaken them to the perils of America and the cause for which we are fighting.

This war has only started. Tell them that. Tell them that no sentimental twaddle will do these days, that they must all be in this war, and in it to their utmost. Grim determination. That's what we want! Realization that Germany is winning. That's what we want! Don't look on German atrocities as idle gossip. They are true, and you have heard only the least of them. Don't think that we are winning. Look at the map of Europe and see how much we are winning.

There's your work, Molly. Start in your own town, and awaken the men and women there to the grave perils that confront us.

"The Mill," Silvermine.

DEAR MOLLY MINE:

To-day as I was going for my train, traffic was blocked to let a regiment pass. It was marching off to camp.

There was some sporadic cheering; a woman behind me broke into tears. But, on the whole, the pavements were quiet. It was no hour for exultation, and I was glad there was little of it. The men slipped by, rank on rank, in that quiet fashion our soldiers march. Fi-

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nally came the line of mounted police, and the crowd surged across the street.

"All kids," remarked a man at my elbow.

And they were, for the most part, "big, intolerant, gallant boys."

It seemed a hideous waste to send such lads forth to battle. It seemed to be robbing them of so much of life—life full of opportunity, of sunshine and laughter. Yet, as they passed, I could not help saying to them, "Young men, I hail you on the threshold of great careers!"

In our poor, blind, stupid way we try to measure the value of life by length of years. We have fallen into the habit of extolling old age, of thinking that long years are necessarily full years. And it is all wrong.

Time has little to do with achievement. Earnestness, sincerity, devotion have; and these qualities youth possesses. Old men dawdle, procrastinate, question; youth plunges ahead, drives direct to his goal and never rests until he achieves it. Life is valuable only according to the intensity with which it is lived.

There are, of course, hundreds of men who have not achieved until well past middle life. But they are exceptions. This is the age of the young man. The young man who has not achieved something definite by thirty-two, or is on the road to attaining it, had better look to his honors. As William Allen White said: "Few men who have much to say or do, say it or do it after forty."

Thousands of lads have gone down in this war whose civil careers were suddenly and cruelly cut off. Yet, wouldn't you say that their death was their crowning achievement?

> "These laid the world away; poured out the red
> Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
> Of work and joy, and that unhoped serene
> That men call age."

We cannot measure the fullness of a man's life by the fact that he appears to get the best out of life, but that life gets the best out of him. A man starts to die the day life ceases to draw from him some contribution for the race.

In the ranks of those men I saw to-day there may have been scores who ceased living long ago, who ceased giving to life. To them the war has come as another chance, a veritable resurrection wherein they will redeem the debt charged against them by the one huge payment of life itself.

The Club

DEAR MOLLY:

I am watching an extraordinary sight.

It is five o'clock. The grill is filled to capacity. Every table is occupied and extra chairs have been brought in from the writing-room.

Half the men are in khaki—officers for the greater part, with a scattering of navy men in white suits. And—this is the extraordinary part—not a man in that grill is drinking anything stronger than ginger ale.

The club complies with the law which forbids the sale of intoxicants to men in uniform. The men in civilian clothes comply with good taste, and do not drink intoxicants in the presence of men who cannot have them.

A year ago most of those men would have been drinking cocktails and highballs.

The good or evil of these drinks is not my concern. The fact is that prohibition is coming in a way we least expected. It is non-drinking by mutual consent.

If you want to stop an evil, put it in the category of those things which "aren't done." That is what the army did, and to-day the man who drinks an intoxicant in the presence of the man in uniform is simply out of it. We require no presidential enactment or ukase from a tsar to prohibit strong drink. The consensus of opinion considers it bad taste.

Nor do I think the fashion will come back. Thousands of our soldiers in America to-day are not drinking. Some, because the law forbids, but most of them because a man cannot be a drinker and a good soldier at the same time. When peace comes, there will be a million men who will have learned that a clear head is the prime requisite upon the battlefields of life as it is npon the battlefields of Europe to-day.

My God, Molly, is it any wonder men have stopped drinking?

"The Mill," Silvermine.

DEAR MOLLY:

Home again, and off to-morrow. The war has got under my hide. It is silly to work at a desk any longer. To-morrow I go to a cantonment to see if they can find a place for me. I'll take anything. I don't care what it is.

Meantime, here is your letter awaiting me when I come home.

I knew you would understand my letter about the mothers of America. I often think

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of George these days, too. Dear fellow, how proud he would have been of Harry!

Perhaps it is only right that you mothers should have all our sympathy, but the fathers of America are also carrying a burden in their hearts these days. Don't forget that. You women can shake off your loneliness and bewilderment by knitting sweaters and doing Red Cross work, but a man can only go on at the same old job and give every possible cent to the cause.

For a man looks on a son as an artist looks on the statue or the painting that his hands have created. He is the embodiment of his dreams, his wealth, his playmate, his scholar, his tutor, his available future. The mistakes he has made he shall rectify in his boy. The weaknesses to which he has succumbed, his boy shall conquer. To a father his son is his second chance, his beginning again, his hope of eternal salvation. So long as he has that boy he is immeasurably rich and his future is safe. When he loses him, he loses his immortality in the flesh.

Christopher Morley has put this feeling exactly in a little poem:

> There is a secret laughter
> That often comes to me,
> And though I go about my work
> As humble as can be,
> There is no prince or prelate
> I envy—no, not one.
> No evil can befall me—
> By God, I have a son!

Fathers feel more proprietary about their boys than mothers do. That perhaps accounts for the fact that some fathers do not get along with their sons; to youth ownership is a galling yoke. But that very sense of ownership makes the loss of a son all the harder to bear.

Quebec.

DEAREST MOLLY:

The three of them are sitting on a sofa in the opposite corner of the lounge. His mother and father came yesterday—a tall, raw-boned, sallow man with a scrawny neck, a pronounced Adam's apple and a fringy mustache; and a round-faced, red-cheeked, dumpy little woman in her best clothes. They are evidently from the country, and have come up to meet him and are staying at this big, expensive hotel so that he can have every possible comfort.

He arrived to-day in the Red Cross ship. His left arm is gone.

When I passed him a moment ago, I noticed how young he was. The down is still on his cheeks although he stands over six feet. He is fair haired and blue eyed; and his color is rosy. He cannot be more than twenty.

They have been sitting there for half an hour, now. They do not say much.

The mother looks as though she had been weeping inside—weeping without tears. She busies herself with little attentions for him—fetches him a match, gets him a paper; a moment ago she bought him a bar of chocolate. She cannot sit still, although she is trying very hard to be cheerful. She laughs, but the smile dies off the corner of her mouth. Now and then she steals a glance up at him, and looks away quickly. She seems to be trying to think of things to do to please him, things she is going to do in the days when they get back home—pies and cakes, and comfortable chairs in the sun, and clean, show-white sheets on the bed, and soft pillows.

His father sits very still and says scarcely anything. Now and then he tugs at his fringy mustache, and his Adam's apple bobs convulsively. He is on the side of the missing arm. He tries not to see it, but leans back against the cushions occasionally, and furtively glances up at the boy's profile. I cannot tell what he is thinking. He seems dulled by an amazement of inarticulate pride.

Between them the boy sits very straight and unbending. He nibbles at the chocolate and smiles down occasionally at his mother. Most of the time, though, he looks straight before him, and his glance penetrates time and space.

I would not presume to say what he is thinking. I only know that his face to-day is not the face of the lad who left home for the service three years ago. Faces like that do not grow on farms. It is beautiful beyond words, tender, strong, and glistening. The light that glows from it is transcendent, glorified. He has looked on the Thing which ever after makes a man homesick in his home, unable to rest on earth again. There is a great desire in it, the light of a vast comprehension, the radiant fire of a consuming love.

I wonder if his mother and father guess what that look means!

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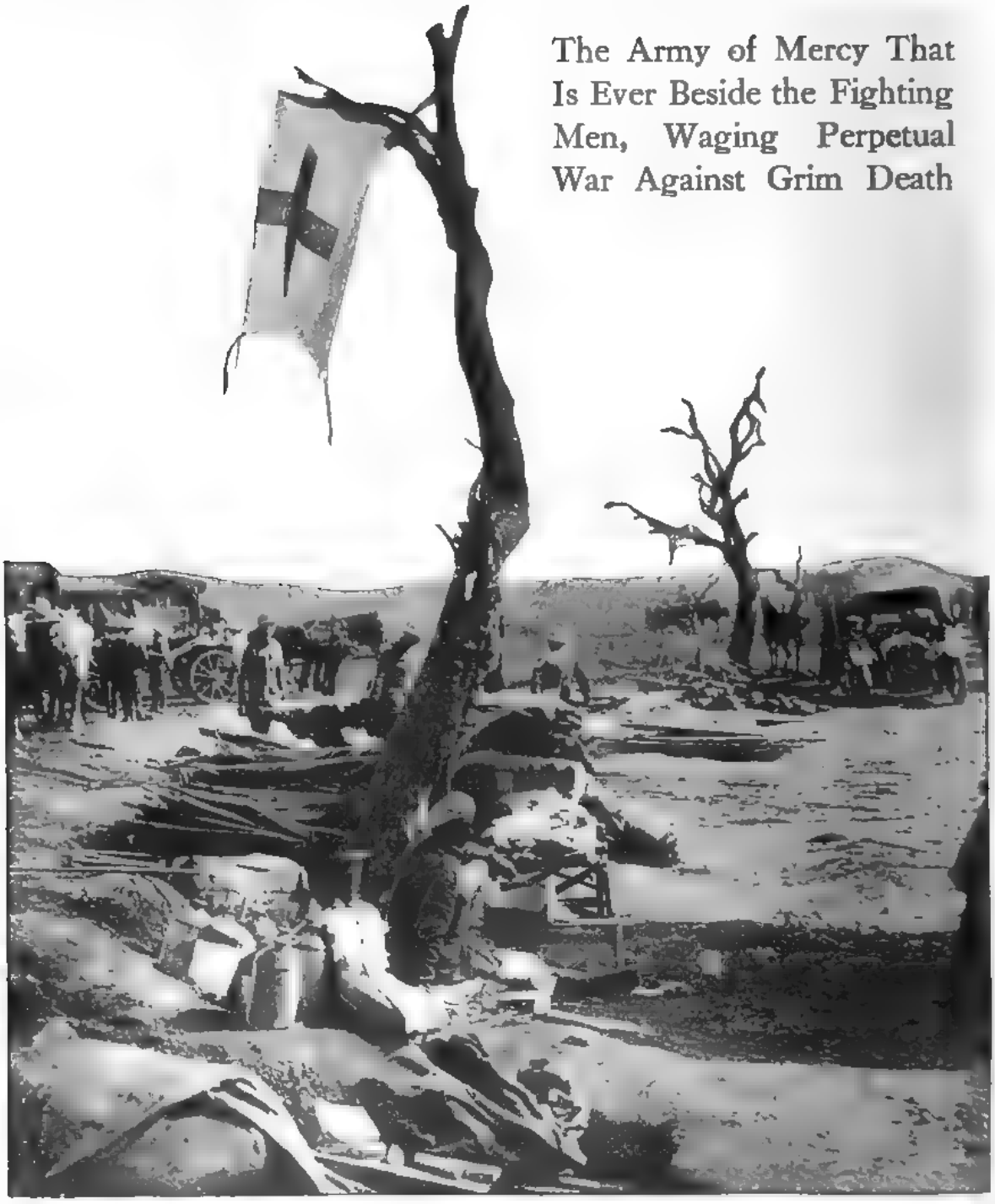
"Stretcher Bearers at the Double!"

The Army of Mercy That Is Ever Beside the Fighting Men, Waging Perpetual War Against Grim Death



AN ADVANCE DRESSING STATION

Close behind the firing lines where the wounds of the soldiers are first treated and measures against infection taken

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MAKING GOOD USE OF "FRITZ"

Pressing recently captured German prisoners into service as stretcher bearers to carry the wounded to the ambulances

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OUT BY STRETCHER-BEARER

Badly wounded soldiers, after receiving first aid, waiting for stretcher bearers to convey them to the rear

OUT BY TROLLEY

An efficient way of handling the badly wounded with a minimum of movement by means of an overhead trolley

OUT BY WINDLASS

The dressing stations are often situated many feet underground in dugouts. The wounded are brought up to the surface by means of a windlass

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RIGHT UP ON THE FIRING LINE

No risk is too great for a hospital corps man to take if he can bring relief to the wounded. The ambulances sometimes penetrate as far as the trenches often under bombardment

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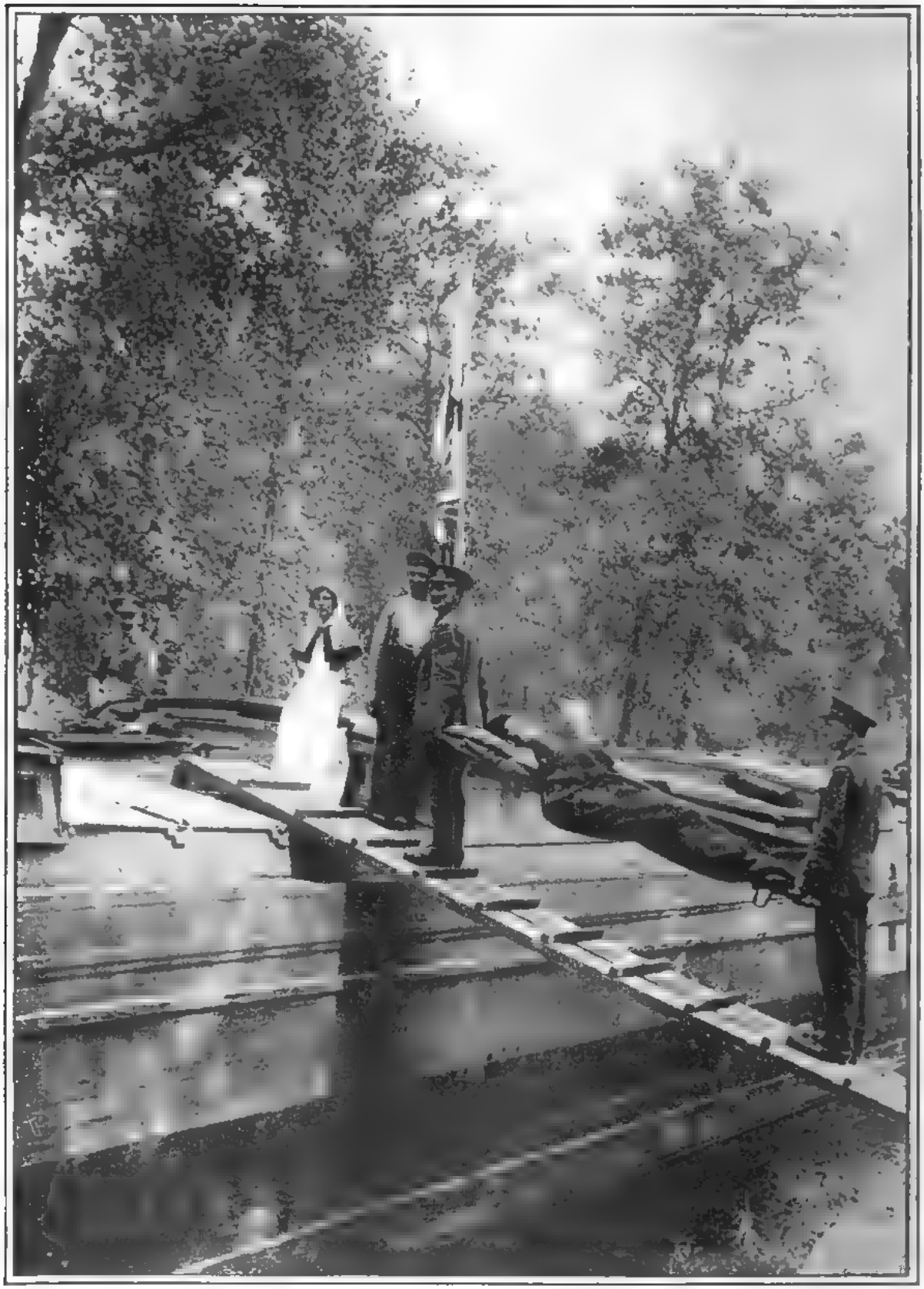

FAR FROM THE DIN OF BATTLE

A canal boat always did seem a restful place, and the British Army Medical Corps has made use of these boats in France as a resting place for restoring shattered nerves and bodies

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FIGHTING THE COMMON ENEMY—MUD

Mud is distinctly impartial—it recognizes neither one side nor the other—and proves itself a staunch ally of Death by hindering the rescue work and spreading infection at all times

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A FAST DISAPPEARING TYPE OF AMBULANCE

As a general rule the ambulances on the Western Front to-day are motor driven although in some cases horses are still employed

AN UNUSUAL AMBULANCE

In their campaign in Palestine and Mesopotamia, the British often employ the ungainly "Ships of the Desert" to transport their wounded

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A BATTLEFIELD TRAMWAY

It takes miles and miles of tracks to keep the trenches supplied with adequate supplies and munitions, as well as to move the wounded behind the battle lines

A BITE FOR THE WOUNDED

Often times after an attack the men will not have eaten for some hours, so the Army Medical Corps prepares sandwiches to fortify the men in their fight back to health

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The First Hundred Million

By Francis R. Bellamy

THE Red Cross has obtained a hundred million dollars from you and me. It has spent the greater part of it. That is the one great fact about the Red Cross to-day.

Two questions arise immediately. First, what has the Red Cross done with this huge sum; secondly, is what it has done worth supporting? There can be no dodging this, no evasion. Have we been justified in going down in our pockets for a hundred million dollars? A huge sum! Are we justified in supporting the Red Cross to the limit in the future?

The answer to that last question lies right between you and me. You and I are the American Red Cross. The Red Cross isn't relief workers, it isn't nurses, it isn't war councils, divisions, chapters. Chapters are necessary to enable us to know and take everybody by the hand as if they lived in our town. Divisions are necessary to coördinate the work the chapters do. War Councils are necessary to direct intelligently our efforts and the result of our efforts. Workers, surgeons, and nurses are necessary to carry out these duties.

But you and I are the Red Cross. The Red Cross is just what you and I make it. It isn't any more; it can't be any less. It is an organization—a human organization, liable to make mistakes, liable to great depressions, capable of magnificent achievement. Has the Red Cross made mistakes? Certainly. Every human being does. Has it made any big mistakes? No—not one!

You who read the newspapers have the impression, perhaps, that the Red Cross is a sort of triumphal procession, a glorified, irresistible superhuman Sister of Mercy—stretching out her hand easily, divinely, to the weak and suffering of this war-tortured world. Oh, no!

The truth is that the Red Cross is fighting the uphill, never-say-die battle of the maker of achievement since the world began. The Red Cross is suffering, is praying, is clenching its hands with a determination that is all human. The Red Cross is doing what you and I are doing for it! That is all. There is no triumphal march of conquering Mercy into France, over the Alps into Italy—La Panne, Amiens, Paris, Toul, Evian. Only infinite tact, endless human sympathy, and all the magic of the personal touch, have enabled the Red Cross to go so far on its task.

Do you know the real story of Evian, where the American Red Cross is caring for thousands of refugee children with its heart-rending, poignant implication, its dagger pointed at the heart of France's children, the France of the future, the France you and I shall know? Or have you thought of Evian and its thousand children a day from conquered Belgium, the French provinces—pitiful little boys and girls with arms blown off, with vermin-covered bodies, pinched cheeks and startled eyes—have you thought of Evian as simply one more Red Cross activity, with white-capped nurses, khaki-clad doctors meeting the trains from Germany and giving American kindness and help?

Do you know that the Red Cross was many long miles away when the first train from Germany came unheralded into Evian with its load of human misery from Belgium and the conquered provinces? On the train was a draper—a mere milliner; a man of sixty; a milliner with his two sons dead in the trenches of France and his children disappeared forever. He awaited his mother and father on the next train. They came. He has met every train of refugees since as his thanks to Providence that his own parents' lives were

WHAT has become of those dollars you and I gave to the Red Cross last year? Just what has been done with the $100,000,000 fund?

Well, it has served the American soldier in sickness and health; it has established hospitals; it has succoured stricken nations—but read and see just what each dollar has done for humanity.

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saved. He met the trains at first with mere kindness—his heart burning with gratitude to Providence. Then, thanks to friends and acquaintances, he met them with what aid he could gather. Finally, he met them with all the doctors and nurses and supplies and the giant sympathy of the American Red Cross. Help where help was needed! This is the story of the Red Cross in Evian. Suspicion of strangers, physical obstacles, lack of money and supplies and trained men and women, all overcome. You gave your money to the draper of Evian when you gave it to the Red Cross. But you could never have given it if it had not been for the Red Cross; the milliner of Evian would have broken his heart waiting for help that could never have come without the Red Cross.

Again the Red Cross brings the American Flag to Toul, the newspapers tell us. Another triumphal procession!

But do you know the story of Toul! The real story?

A story of foreigners in a strange land; peasants who preferred to die in their shell-torn farms rather than be taken care of by strangers.

There has been no triumphal procession at Toul, with its wards of children, tubercular from months in damp cellars in shattered villages. Only the desperate need of France could ever have given America even an opportunity to take care of these waifs of war. France would have held tight to her own breast her war-stricken children!

Infinite tact, endless study and work, supplies without number and price—and above all the desperate need of France! These are the things that have given the Red Cross its hard-won opportunity to help in the children's hospitals at Toul of which such good use is being made.

From Noyon came a peasant woman—on a ten-day vacation from the farm she worked at night, because the German shells kept her down in her cellar during the day—on a ten-day vacation to give birth to a sixth child. In two weeks, she left, straining the child to her breast for one last hug before she returned to her farm and said good-bye to her baby in the foreign Red Cross wards at Toul.

"I have a good crop," she said simply, as she turned from her child. "France needs me more than I need my baby."

You gave your money to the peasant woman of Noyon when you gave to the Red Cross. She is the Red Cross, too. You cannot give her money without the Red Cross. And without the Red Cross France is that much the loser.

THE WORK OF THE NURSES

You do not hear much of the nurses of the Red Cross either—the war has not come home to America yet. But do you know that the nurses become part of the army and navy—that they cannot take photographs, that they write only reports, and that their work remains enshrined only in the hearts of the people they have helped: here a patient-faced Russian who cannot take a step without remembering a hospital in Kieff where a white-capped nurse from a foreign land helped him back to life and the use of his fractured leg; there a Serbian who can never forget the days in Belgrade, his only memory of typhus and of the Austrian bombardment being the interminable cups of water an American woman gave him; a Belgian who struggled against death in the hospitals at La Panne, while outside the head surgeon buried his wife's body in the sand and the American nurses clung to their task beneath the Prussian storm; American boys who have hovered between life and death, watched over by a girl from home; English and Italian lads; French men, women and children—all these will never forget the Red Cross even if no person of bitter experience and vivid imagination ever arises to write their chapter of history.

Listen to a girl who has been serving in a French hospital since the war began. Her letter is to a friend.

"I am over my weakness, my sickness now," she writes, "and can bear anything, even death, if I can know that I have sent back to the trenches from this building one more fighter for France!"

One more fighter for France! Sent back by Red Cross supplies, and an American girl!

That nurse in Rouen is the Red Cross, too. She, too, is fighting the uphill fight of the Red Cross in a land destitute of labor and luxury—fighting it in bitter cold, unheated, wooden barracks, aiding the doctors and surgeons in their endless work. She, too, is unaware of the triumphal procession of Mercy.

She only wants bandages, dressings, garments, always and forever, as all the refugee

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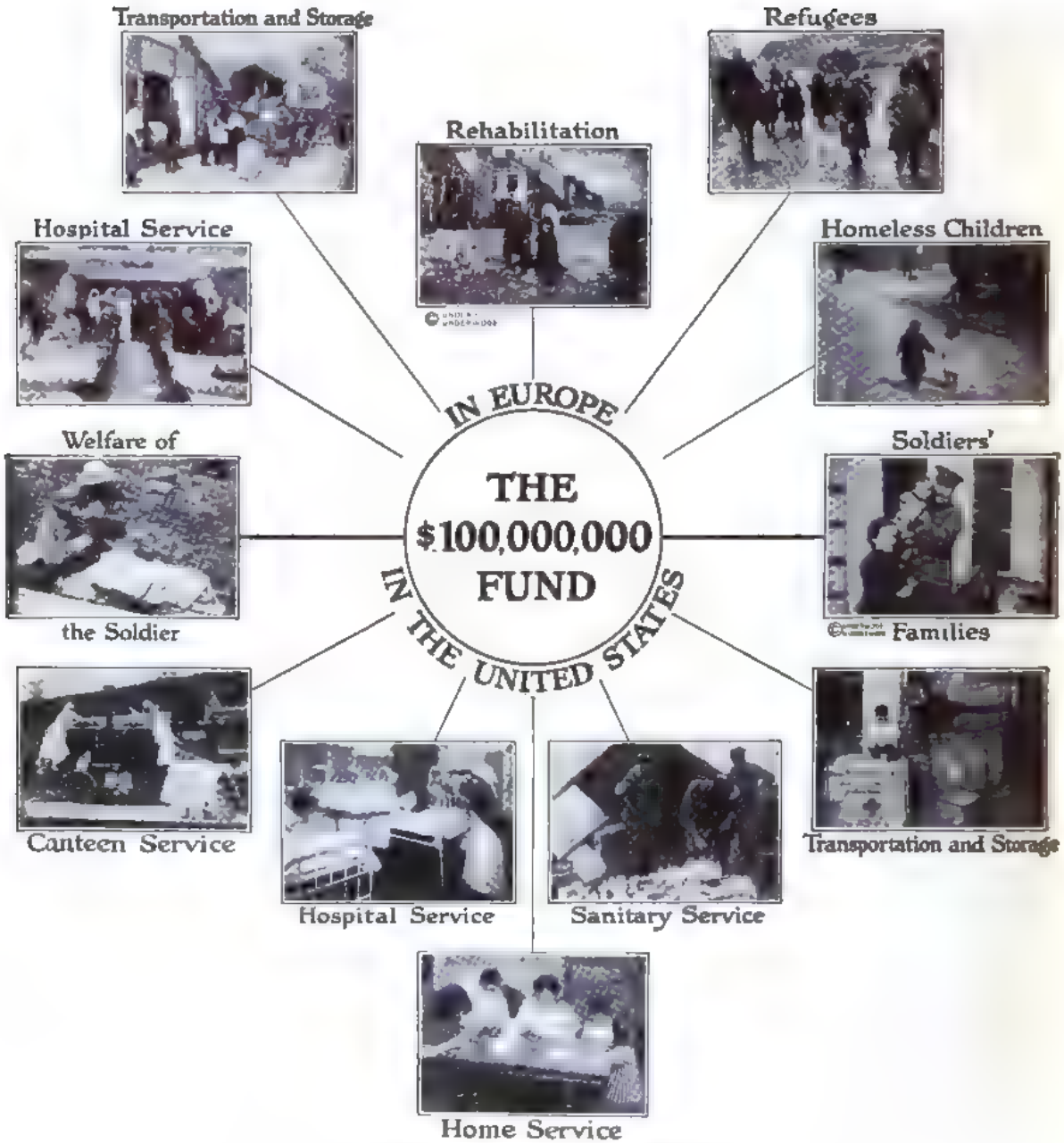

The Spending of the $100,000,000

camps and depots of Western Europe want them—as the surgeons need their thousands of medical stores and appliances. Wants that are so desperate that they can find expression only in bare facts in curt cables.

Here is one:

PARIS, Oct. 16th.
DAVISON, Red Cross, Washington.
Ship at once,
750,000 large gauze wipes
750,000 small gauze wipes
750,000 compresses
200,000 gauze rolls
500,000 cotton pads
1,000,000 muslin bandages
1,000,000 oakum pads
500,000 self-supporting slings
500,000 slings for legs
250,000 perineal slings
50,000 each, anklets, straps, and buckles
100,000 elbow traction bands
50,000 canvas hammock, weight bags
200,000 each size shot bags.
(signed) MURPHY

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Within two weeks that order was filled and on shipboard.

Another:

DAVISON, Red Cross, Washington.
Ship at once,
50,000 children's black aprons
8,000 boys' corduroy trousers
30,000 women's and girl's chemises unbl. cotton
10,000 dark colored girls' dresses
30,000 women's wrappers
30,000 children's capes
12,000 towels, bath and hand
70,000 shoulder shawls
5,000 boys' shirts, flannel
(signed) MURPHY

How the voices of children at Toul, at Nesle, at Evian, at Noyon, all over France and the remaining strip of Belgium, sound through that cablegram! The order was soon filled.

This letter from the head of the surgical dressings service in France.

PARIS, Dec. 11th

The Boche to-day seems absolutely bent on destroying everything that is American. His idea is that if he can get the American soldier over here where we are short of everything and then cut him off from every sort of supply, he will have done a smart thing.

I want you at home to realize this fully, because unless you do understand the situation over here you will never send us the things we need in sufficient quantity to meet all dangers. We should never be satisfied until we get over such enormous quantities of everything that we can lose half of them and take the setback without a groan. . . .

THE VAST SYSTEM OF TRANSPORTATION

Enormous quantities of everything, and the transportation to move it! That is the watchword of the Red Cross to-day. That is where some of that hundred million dollars of yours and mine is going.

The National Headquarters at Washington is the centre of a vast, weblike telephone exchange. From every hamlet, village, and city the lines of the Red Cross converge—money, supplies, volunteers—on this central exchange whose wires are human beings, whose power is patriotism, whose continual message to the men fighting in France is: "We are with you!"

Through this funnel pour the supplies to Paris, to London, to Rome, as fast as transportation will allow.

In France, particularly, transportation is the life and soul of the work. Last year, when labor was difficult to get and the American organizations were working on a small financial basis, relief boxes were piled high on the docks at Bordeaux. Three weeks ago outside inspection of the warehouses of the Red Cross revealed one solitary case. Everything else had been shipped to its destination in France and Italy. Within a few hours of their arrival supplies from America are on their way, to-day.

That is where some of the hundred million dollars have gone. Transportation costs money, no matter whether it is run by an organization which collected its hundred million with an average cost of under one per cent. or not. Where there was one truck on the roads of France before, to-day there are dozens.

They are necessary. In order to have relief come at a moment's notice, millions of dollars are being spent in trucks, bases, warehouses, personnel. Delay is not going to sign the death warrant of any American boy if the Red Cross can help it.

Before the Red Cross came there was not such a thing in France as a warehouse for relief. When hospitals were in dire need they sent to Paris to some independent organization which depended on contributions from America. To-day enormous warehouses are being put up at vital points all over France, some of which hold 20,000 tons and keep 20 trucks for delivery. When this system is complete there will be no call from a hospital centre, French or American, that cannot be answered within the hour!

DISPENSARIES AND HOSPITALS

From the north of the frontier countries down to the Mediterranean, there runs to-day a long chain of dispensaries and children's hospitals under the direction of the best specialists of America. Toul, Nesle, Nancy are being duplicated and reduplicated. No expense is being spared in the equipment of these stations. It is requiring thousands of dollars to equip and maintain even the smallest of them. But they are building up again the bodies and minds of the little citizens of France whose constitutions have been wrecked by their living within sight and sound of the guns and the horrors of the conflict.

Slowly and surely, too, every tuberculosis hospital in France which has stood in need of help has been taken under the wing of the Red Cross, in extreme cases even the property

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itself being bought; while the work of refugee relief, clothing, housing, curing, has gone steadily on, from Evian to Cambrai all along the line of the armies in western and northern France and northern Italy. Hand in hand has been going the vast work of rehabilitation which the Friends' Society and the Red Cross are doing in all the reclaimed villages and the farms near the firing line.

Just one tiny evidence of this came to the notice of an outside observer last August while establishing dispensaries around Verdun. Every few miles French women were met using American farm machinery in their fields. The hundred million dollars helped gather the harvest back of Verdun last summer!

All this is in addition to the work which is being done for the American Army in sickness and in health. The hundred million dollars is not being spent alone in laying foundations for aiding the American Army of the future. It is being spent on the American soldier of the present also, in rest houses and canteens, in base hospitals and dental dispensaries, in every provision against discomfort and disease which loving forethought can devise.

That is the destination of all these tremendous supplies which are pouring through the funnel of national headquarters! Hospitals, refugees, children, the French and the American soldier, in health and in sickness, all served by a newly created tremendous transportation and warehouse system; and meanwhile, day by day, the workers in France are preparing the vast groundwork for the task which will confront the Red Cross once the American Army goes into action on a great scale. That is what the money is being used for, with smaller efforts in Italy, England, Serbia, Rumania, and Egypt. The work and supplies furnished by the vast web of chapters in the United States are being sent unerringly, efficiently to their destination, with these aims always in view.

This is one side of the vast organization which centres in Washington. What is the other side? Well,one cannot long feel the pulse of the Red Cross in Washington without realizing that the story of the other side, the story of the web of chapters, of the sources of supply, of the Cantonments, the Naval Auxiliaries, the Canteen Service, the knitting, the Home Service, is women,—women, and now children added!

The women of the country are heart and soul in the war. Their chief means of expression, their main opportunity to help, is the Red Cross. The work they have done, and are getting ready to do, is soul stirring. Almost to the last one they are mobilized. Red Cross, Surgical Dressings, American Fund for the French Wounded, Armenian and Syrian Relief—the Red Cross works with them all nowadays and helps shoulder their burdens. In return the women of America are giving their all to the Red Cross—time, work, money, without distinction of class or race.

Contrast these two letters, picked merely at random.

BUENOS AIRES,
Oct. 29th.

AMERICAN RED CROSS,
Washington, D. C.

GENTLEMEN:

I take great pleasure in enclosing draft No.12637 on the National City Bank of New York by its Buenos Aires Branch for the sum of $105,000 to be applied to the American Red Cross War Fund.

This represents the proceeds of a bazaar held by the Patriotic Society of American Women in Buenos Aires Sept. 21 and 22nd.

Hoping that the good which may be done by this money will be proportionate with our pleasure in being able to contribute, I am,

Yours most sincerely,
(signed) EVA T. HUNTINGTON,
Treasurer.

There is no way of gauging the sacrifices and work of the women, indeed, in these chapter work rooms whose lights gleam until late at night in Maine towns, in the hills of Pennsylvania, following the sun's departing rays along the Ohio and the Mississippi, across the mountains of Tennessee, the black prairies of Illinois and Iowa, the flat Kansas towns, to the new cities of the West and Pacific Coast. The lights of the Red Cross shine in hundreds and thousands of workrooms of all kinds and descriptions in which the women of the nation are working, either on bandages or surgical dressings or some of the knitted articles whose yarn was bought with part of that hundred million.

A nation's women mobilized behind the Red Cross.

Their fingers are making a great part of those huge, almost endless, supplies which pour through the funnel toward Europe, toward Perkins in Paris, Endicott in London and Perkins in Rome.

Their work directed in every chapter and

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division by women has spread through every department in Washington, until every bureau in National Headquarters has been invaded and a woman is on the general manager's staff conferring with every department at home and abroad. That is the outstanding feature of the Red Cross at home.

It is true of the canteen service which has given weary soldiers on troop trains all over the country the comforts of hot coffee and human attention; it is true of the nursing service in the cantonments; of the Home Service.

THE WORK APPRECIATED

It is true of all the activities of the Red Cross in America, indeed, from Miss Jane Delano, the head of the Nurses' Bureau, to the most unknown worker in a backwoods auxiliary in Maine.

That this work is not unappreciated the following letters will show. They are selected from some eight hundred which came in on one day to Headquarters from the National Army camps.

THE RED CROSS SOCIETY:
DEAR FRIENDS:—

I wish to express my gratitude to you for the fine sweater given me through my company.

Last night I was on guard duty without an overcoat and if it hadn't been for the sweater I think I would have nearly froze.

You folks at home cannot begin to realize what wonderful work is being done by the Red Cross Societies. We are the boys that realize.

Again thanking you and trusting the good work will continue. I remain

Gratefully

My Dear friend I thought thought I would Set my self down to let you know that I received one of your breast protection Swetter and was very much pleased with it for they are very handy and comfortable

I will Send you my best wishes and regards
I wish you health
I wish you wealth
I wish you gold in Store
I wish you heaven after death
What could I wish you more.

MADAMS:

I just want to write you a few lines to let you know i received one of your Sweaters and Thanking you very much for it as it keeps me very warm and if i can help you in way please write to me and let me know. There are lots of people condeming youse but if they would realize what youse do they would soon change there mind. If there would not be any red cross what would the soldier boys do they would be without tobacco; cigars, and cigarettes and such things. Youse must excuse my writing for i am not a very good writer. So this is about all for this time So i will thank yous a hundred times again for the sweater. And do not forget to write to me if i can in anyway help youse. So i will close with best wishes and many thanks for the Sweater. Yours Truly

To The Ladies of The Red Cross,

I wish to express my sincere gratitude to you all for the noble work you are doing for the army. You can never know how comforting it is to know that there are those back home who care. I received one of the many sweaters that you sent to camp. It certainly keeps me warm and comfortable and each time I wear it I give thanks that America is Blessed with such good and kind women and best of all by your many kind deeds you are showing that you are behind us in this struggle which gives us renewed confidence.

Yours is a noble organization and let me assure you of the heartfelt appreciation of "The Boys."

The soldiers and sailors of the United States realize the work which is being done by the Red Cross and the Hundred Million Dollar Fund you and I gave.

They know of the millions of sweaters, mufflers, socks and other comforts given them at the camps; of the sanitation done and the rest houses at the cantonments; the cheer and hot drinks en route; the help and advice and financial assistance rendered their dependent families at home.

Abroad, they know they will find canteens serving a million meals monthly to French and American soldiers; warehouses crammed with materials situated all along the French and Italian lines, at seaports, and at places where they are going to fight; institutions for the care of consumptives, for the care of children, and the re-education of maimed men; supply organizations reaching thirty-five hundred hospitals: gangs of workers restoring devastated farms and villages—the whole served by a motor transport which employs hundreds of trucks and, outside of the equipment of the army, is the greatest system of its kind in the world.

Apart from the armies, indeed, they will find that the Red Cross to-day is one of the most potent, single agencies in Europe. It is time we knew that the hundred million dollars is being well spent.

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Appropriations made by the Red Cross War Council

FROM ITS APPOINTMENT MAY 24, 1917, TO FEBRUARY 28, 1918

The Red Cross War Council makes public herewith a list of all appropriations made since its appointment up to February 28, 1918. These appropriations show a total of $47,325,609.38 for foreign relief, a total of $8,589,899.27 for United States relief.

All appropriations from the Red Cross War Fund, up to February 28, 1918, amounted to $77,721,918.22.

The total appropriations for administration at National Headquarters and at Division Headquarters amounted to $4,416,610.92 for the last eight months' period. This includes $1,943,896.99 for Divisional administration expenses and $250,000 donated for telegraph and cable service by the Western Union Telegraph Company—the latter item extending over a considerably longer period of time. These appropriations did not come out of the War Fund, but are more than covered from the portion of membership dues received at National Headquarters. These membership dues, which more than paid for all administration expenses, were such dues received before the recent membership drive was made.

In other words, no expenses of administration in the United States were paid for out of the Red Cross War Fund. All administration is more than met by membership dues. Thus every dollar contributed for relief goes to relief.

The total list of appropriations, together with the detail attached to them, is as follows:

AMERICAN RED CROSS RECAPITULATION OF APPROPRIATIONS, FEBRUARY 28, 1918.

From the Red Cross War Fund:		
Relief Work in France	$30,936,103.04	
" " " Belgium	2,086,131.00	
" " " Italy	3,588,826.00	
" " " Russia	1,243,845.07	
" " " Roumania	2,676,368.76	
" " " Serbia	875,180.76	
" " " Great Britain	1,885,750.75	
" " " Other Foreign Countries	3,576,300.00	
" " for Prisoners, etc.	343,304.00	
Equipment and expenses in U. S. of personnel for Europe	113,800.00	
Total foreign relief		$47,325,609.38
U. S. Army Base Hospitals	54,000.00	
U. S. Navy " "	32,000.00	
U. S. Medical and Hospital Work	531,000.00	
U. S. Sanitary Service	403,000.00	
U. S. Camp Service	6,451,150.86	
U. S. Miscellaneous	1,118,748.41	
Total U. S. relief		8,589,899.27
Restricted as to use by donor		2,520,409.57
Working Capital for Purchase of Supplies for Resale to Chapters or for shipment abroad		15,000,000.00
Working Cash Advances for France and U. S.		4,286,000.00
Total appropriations from Red Cross War Fund		77,721,918.22
From the General Fund:		
Headquarters administration	2,472,713.93	
Divisional administration	1,943,896.99	
Total appropriations from the General Fund		4,416,610.92
From Miscellaneous Funds		155,000.00
Total appropriations from all funds to February 28, 1918		$82,293,529.14

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Keeping Up With William

By Irving Bacheller

(Author of "Keeping Up With Lizzie", "The Light in the Clearing")

Illustrated by R. M. BRINKERHOFF

IN THIS sketch, Mr. Bacheller has recast and added to an article which he contributed to the *Outlook*. In its new form as a monologue of Soc Potter, the famous character in "Keeping Up With Lizzie," the ideas have fresh vigor and drollness.—THE EDITORS.

THE sun had set at the end of a wheatless day. I found that famous country lawyer—the Honorable Socrates Potter—sitting in the warm glow of some blazing logs, by the fire-place of his inner office, with feet upon the fender, reading war news. He had lately returned from the battle front in France.

"What do you think of it?" I asked.

"I have got through thinking and gone to swearing," he answered. "A man that's too old to fight has got to do something to help—ain't he?"

"Stop swearing and give me a message to the boys at the front."

"Stop swearin'—gosh almighty! I haven't time to stop. I'll do anything in reason. What kind of a message do you want?"

"Something that will help them to understand why they're fighting and what they're fighting."

"Williamism is the thing they're fighting and if you'll take that poker and agree to keep me decently respectable while I talk about it, I'll do my best. What I have to say will be as much for the folks at home as for the boys at the front.

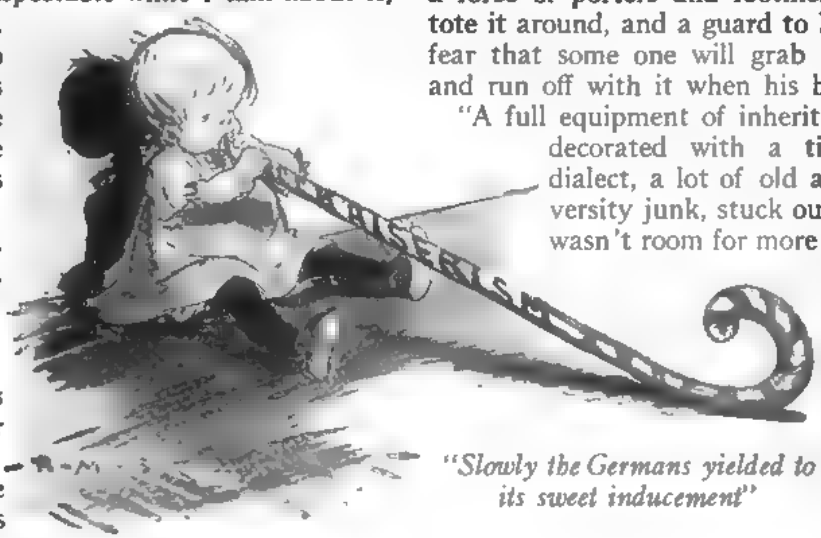
"The rank, deep-rooted, hoggishness of European imperialism has blossomed. Its perfect flower is Williamism.

"One of the greatest perils of this world is the swelled head. It ranks above alcohol and drugs as a ruiner of the human intellect. Our Yankee ancestors understood this. They drove Conceit from their homes as they would have driven a serpent. They knew the value of humility.

"The average prince is ruined by praise.

"Young Bill Hohenzollern began life with a swelled head and an overwhelming sense of inherited superiority. There are two kinds of superiority—real, and inherited. All the troubles of this world have come of inherited superiority. Of all the defects that flesh is heir to, a sense of inherited superiority is the most deplorable. It is worse than insanity or idiocy, or curvature of the spine. There are millions of acres of land in Europe occupied by nothing but a sense of inherited superiority; there are millions of hands and intellects in Europe occupied by nothing but a sense of inherited superiority, while billions of wealth have been devoted to its service and embellishment. A man who has even a small amount of it needs a force of porters and footmen to help him tote it around, and a guard to keep watch for fear that some one will grab his superiority and run off with it when his back is turned.

"A full equipment of inherited superiority, decorated with a title, a special dialect, a lot of old armor and university junk, stuck out so that there wasn't room for more than one outfit in a township. Most of the bloodshed has been caused by the blunders or hoggishness of the inherited superiority.



"Slowly the Germans yielded to its sweet inducement"

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It is the nursing bottle of insanity and the Mellin's Food of crime.

"There are two kinds of sense in men—common and preferred, plain or fancy. The common has become the great asset of mankind; the preferred its great liability. Our forefathers had large holdings of the common, certain kings and their favorites of the preferred. The preferred presented an immense bulk of inherited superiority and an alleged pipe line leading from the king's throne to paradise, and connected with the fount of every blessing by the best religious plumbers. It always drew dividends, whether the common got anything or not. The preferred holders ran the plant and insisted that they held a first mortgage on it. When they tried to foreclose with military power to back them, some of our forefathers got out.

"We, their sons, are now crossing the seas to take up that ancient issue between senses common, and preferred, and to determine the rights of each. We are fighting for the foundations of democracy—the dictates of common sense.

"For the sake of saving time, I hope my readers will grant me license to resort to the economy of slang. A man might do worse these days. There is one great destroyer of common sense. It is hot air. Now hot air has been the favourite dissipation of kings. James the First was one of the world's great consumers of hot air. He and his family, and friends, took all that Great Britain could produce—never, I am glad to say, a large amount, but enough to put James into business with the Almighty. To be sure, it was not a full partnership. It was no absolute Hohenzollern monopoly of mortal participation. It was comparatively modest, but it was enough to outrage the common sense of the English.

"After all, divine partnerships were not for the land of Fielding and Smollett and Swift and Dickens and Thackeray. Too much humor there. Too much liberty of the tongue and pen. Too great a gift for ridicule.

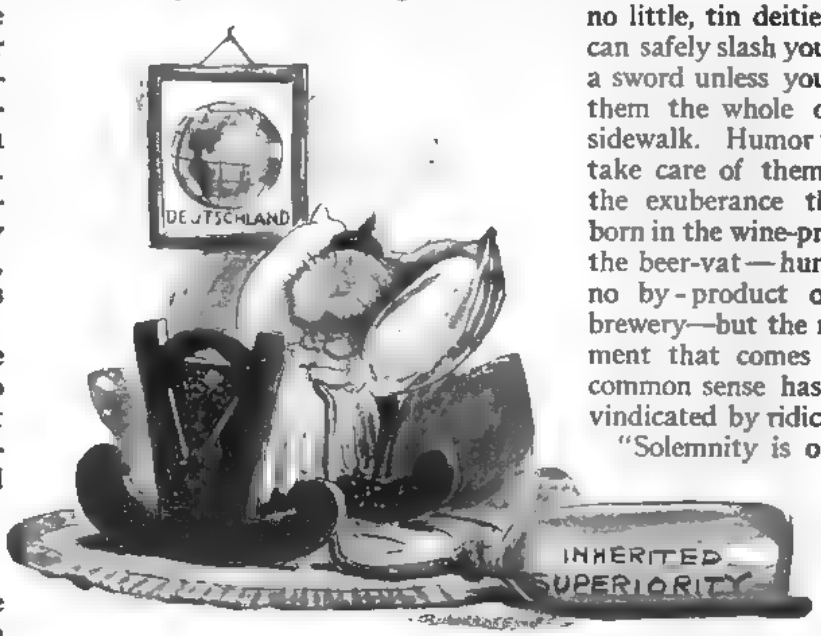
"Where there is ridicule there can be no self-appointed counselors of God, and hand-made halos of divinity find their way to the garbage heap.

THE SAVING GRACE OF HUMOR

"Now, if we are to have sound, common sense, we must have humor, and if we are to have humor we must have liberty. There can be no crowned or mitred knave, no sacred, fawning idiot, who is immune from ridicule; no little, tin deities who can safely slash you with a sword unless you give them the whole of the sidewalk. Humor would take care of them; not the exuberance that is born in the wine-press or the beer-vat—humor is no by-product of the brewery—but the merriment that comes when common sense has been vindicated by ridicule.

"Solemnity is often wedded to Conceit, and their children have committed most of the crimes on record. You may always look for the devil in the neighborhood of some solemn and conceited ass who has inherited power and who, like the one that Balaam rode, speaks for the Almighty.

"So, when the devil came back, he steered for the heart of the most solemn and conceited ass in the world—William the Second of Germany. Bill had been ruined by adulation; when he made a jest the palace rang with laughter; when he expressed an opinion the household wore a look of awe. On his visits to England he failed to get his usual allowance of hot air. That made him mad. At Windsor Castle he used to go into yelling fits in which no one but his old grandmother could control him. Can you wonder that he became



"Young Bill Hohenzollen began life with a swelled head and an overwhelming sense of inherited superiority"

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a solemn and conceited ass? In his heart the Devil began to destroy the common sense of a race with the atmosphere of hell—hot air. We have seen its effect. It inflates the intellect. It produces the pneumatic rubber brain—the brain that keeps its friends busy with the pump of adulation; the brain stretched to hold its conceit, out of which we can hear the hot air leaking in streams of boastfulness. The divine afflatus of an emperor is apt to make as much disturbance as a leaky steampipe. When the pumpers cease because they are weary, it becomes irritated. Then all hands to the pumps again. Soon there is no illusion of grandeur too absurd to be real, no indictment of idiotic presumption which it is unwilling to admit.

"By and by it breaks into the realm of the infinite and hastens to the succor of God, for, to the pneumatic brain, God is slow and old-fashioned. Thereafter it infests the heavenly throne and seeks to turn it into a plant for the manufacture of improved morals, and, so as to insure their popularity, every agent for these morals is to carry a sword and a gun and a license to use them.

"The alleged improvement consists in taking all the nots out of the ten commandments. Nots are irritating to certain people who have plans for murder, rape, arson, and piracy.

"Hohenzollern and Krupp had taken the Lord into partnership and begun to give Him lessons in efficiency. Moreover, they were not to be free lessons. The lessons were to be paid for, but they were willing to give Him easy terms, for which they were to show Him how to hasten the slow process of evolution. Evolution was hindered and delayed by sentiment and emotion.

"Sentiment and emotion were a needless inheritance. Hohenzollern and Krupp proposed to cut them out of life and abolish tears. Tears consumed the time and strength of the people. They were factors of inefficiency. What was the use of crying over spilled milk and dead people? Tears were in the nature of a luxury. The poor could not afford them. Life was not going to be lived any longer—it was to be conducted. It was to be a kind of hurried Cook's tour. Nobody would have to think or feel. All that would be attended to by the proper official.

"The rank, deeprooted boggishness of European imperialism has blossomed. Its perfect flower is Williamism"

"People were to have nothing to do but work. Leisure was to be enjoyed exclusively by the rich and great. Life was to be reduced to a merciless iron plan like that of the beehive—the most perfect example of efficiency in nature, with its two purposes of storage and race perpetuation. No one ever saw a bee shedding tears or worrying about the murder of a drone.

"The ideal of Germany was to be that of the insect. To the bee there is nothing in the world but bees, enemies, and the nectar in flowers; to the German there was to be nothing in the world but Germans, enemies, and loot.

"With no wall of pity and sentiment between them and other races they could rain showers of bursting lyddite on the unsuspecting, and after that the will of the Kaiser and God would

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be respected. The firm would prosper. It is not the first time that conceit and Kultur have hitched their wagon to infinity. It is the old scheme of Nero and Caligula—the ancient dream of the pneumatic prince. He can rule a great nation, but first he must fool it. This he can do in a generation by the systematic use of hot air. He begins his work on the tender intellect of childhood.

"Every school, every pulpit, every newspaper, every book, became a pumping-station for hot air, impregnated with the new morals. Poets, philosophers, orators, teachers, statesmen, romancers, were summoned to the pumps.

"For thirty years Germany had been on a steady dream diet. It took its morning hate with its coffee and prayers, its hourly self-contentment with its toil, its evening superiority with its beer and frankfurters. History was falsified, philosophy bribed, religion coerced and corrupted, conscience silenced—at first by sophistry, then by the iron hand. Hot air was blowing from all sides. It was no gentle breeze. It was a simoon, a tornado.

"Germany was inebriated with a sense of its mental grandeur and moral pulchritude. Now moral pulchritude is like a forest flower. It cannot stand the fierce glare of publicity; you cannot handle it as you would handle sausages and dye and fertilizer. Observe how the German military party is advertising its saccharine morality—one hundred per cent. pure, blue ribbon, *spurlos versenkt*, honest-to-God morality—the kind that made hell famous. I don't blame them at all. How would any one know that they had it if they did not advertise it?

"It is easy to accept the hot-air treatment for common sense—easy even for sober-minded men. The cocaine habit is not more swiftly acquired and brings a like sense of comfort and exhilaration. Slowly the Germans yielded to its sweet inducement. They began to believe that they were supermen—the chosen people; they thanked God that they were not like other men. Their first crime was that of grabbing everything in the heaven of holy promise. Those clever Prussians had arranged with St. Peter for all the reserved seats—nothing but standing room left, it would seem.

"Now the thing that has happened to the criminal is this. In one way or another, he loses his common sense. He ceases to see things in their just relations and proportions. The difference between right and wrong dwindles and disappears from his vision. He convinces himself that he has a right to at least a part of the property of other people.

"I have lately been in the devastated regions of northern France. I have seen whole cities of no strategic value which the German armies had destroyed by dynamite before leaving them in a silence like that of the grave—the slow-wrought walls of old cathedrals and public buildings tumbled into hopeless ruin; the châteaux, the villas, the little houses of the poor, shaken into heaps of moldering rubbish. And I see in it a sign of that greater devastation which covers the land of William II—the devastation of the spirit of the German people; for where is that moral grandeur of which Heine and Goethe and Schiller and Luther were the far-heard compelling voices? I tell you it has all been leveled into heaps of moldering rubbish—a thousand times more melancholy than any in France.

"Behold the common sense of Germany become the sense that is common only among criminals! The sooner we recognize that, the better. They are really burglars in this great house of God we inhabit, seeking to rob it of its best possessions—Hindenburglars! In this war we must give them the consideration due a burglar, and only that. We must hit them how and where we may. We are bound by no nice regard for fair play. We must kill the burglar or the burglar will kill us. This, then, is what the boys at the front are to bear in mind. They are fighting a nation criminalized by the worst gang of scoundrels in all history. If one were to search the prisons of the earth he could not find a more abandoned group of cut-throats and highwaymen than that of Bill Hohenzollern and his friends.

"When I went away to the battle-front, a friend said to me: 'Try to learn how this incredible thing came about and why it continues. That is what every one wishes to know.'

"Well, hot air was the cause of it. Now why does it continue? My answer is, Bone-head—mostly plumed bone-head.

"Think of those diplomats who were twenty years in Germany and yet knew nothing of what was going on around them and of its implications! You say that they did know, and that they warned their peoples? Well, then, you may shift the bone-heads on to other shoulders. Think of the diplomatic failures that have followed!

"I bow my head to the people of England

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and to the incomparable valor of her armies and fleets. My friendly criticism is aimed at the one and only point in which she could be said to resemble Germany, viz., in a certain limited encouragement of supermen.

"Now, if the last three years have taught us anything, it is this: the superman is going to be un-supered. Considering the high cost of upkeep and continuous adulation, he does not pay. He is in the nature of a needless tax upon human life and security. His mistakes, even to use no harsher word, have slaughtered more human beings than there are in the world.

"The born gentleman and professional aristocrat, with a hot-air receiver on his name, who lives in a tower of inherited superiority and looks down at life through hazy distance with a telescope, has, and can have, no common sense. He has not that intimate knowledge of human nature which comes only of a long and close contact with human beings. Without that knowledge he will know no more of what is in the other fellow's mind and the bluff that covers it in a critical clash of wits than a baby sucking its bottle in a perambulator. He fails, and the cost of his failure no man can estimate. He stands discredited; as a public servant he is going into disuse and his going vindicates the judgment of our forefathers regarding like holders of sense preferred. It is a long step toward Democracy and the security of the world.

"Now is the time when all men must choose between two ideals: that of the proud and merciless heart on the one hand; that of the humble and contrite heart on the other; between the Hun and the Anglo-Saxon, between Jesus Christ and the devil.

"Now this is the thing for the folks at home to remember. Of what use are our farms and shops and banks and surpluses if the world is to be turned over to the devil? Let us bear this in mind when the Government asks for our help in financing the war. What cause should appeal to us so strongly as that of keeping the devil out of America and out of our homes? It is money paid for insurance against arson, rape, and murder."

"Help the Red Cross and You Comfort a Broken Man"

A Word from John Masefield

HERE are a few words to readers of The Red Cross Magazine from John Masefield, the distinguished English poet. Mr. Masefield has seen the war and the work of the Red Cross at first hand. He was at Gallipoli and made a noble record of that tragic and heroic adventure. [He has been lecturing recently in the United States but by the time this is printed will probably be back at work with the British forces on the battlefields of France.—THE EDITORS

THE Red Cross exists, in the main, to help the sick and wounded of this war. Since this war began, it has embarked upon every undertaking by which the lot of the sick and wounded soldiers and sailors may be made more comfortable. It has provided stretcher-bearers to bring the wounded off the battlefield, ambulances to carry them to hospital, hospitals (of all kinds) where they can be dressed or specially treated, and boats and lighters by which they can be shipped for home. In addition to all this work in the field, it has been, ever since the war began, a great distributing centre of all kinds of charitable work, and especially of those articles of use in hospitals. It gathers together and supplies to the hospitals of all the Allied belligerent countries the countless things continually needed, such as dressings, gauze, lint, ether, chloroform, X-ray equipment, surgical implements, splints, fracture-beds, rubber air pillows, drainage tubes, bedding, crutches, and clothing.

It is now one of the biggest organizations outside the Armies, and supplies comforts and delicacies of every kind to the millions of sufferers broken in the cause. Help the Red Cross and you comfort a broken man.

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Fresh Courage for France

By Frank Parker Stockbridge

Illustrated by J. PAUL VERREES

"HOW long can France hold out?"

That was the question the whole civilized world was asking, anxiously, fearfully, in those spring days of last year when General Joffre came overseas to welcome us into the band of blood-brothers leagued against the Hun.

France was "bled white," so ran the gossip of the market-places. She had shot her bolt; her man-power was exhausted; no longer capable of effective offensive, soon her defense must crumble. Thus German propaganda whispered in credulous ears. "Poor, bleeding France; what a pity; we loved her so"!

It was easy to believe. For almost three years France had been fighting with her back to the wall and the invader was still on French soil. She had borne the shock of every assault. Her losses in killed and maimed had been fearful. What wonder if she really were, at last, listening to counsels of despair? How could we blame her!

We asked Joffre. "How long can France hold out?"

"Give us credit for food and shells and our army can hold out forever. Give us something to show the French people that America is really with us, something they can see and understand, and they will back up our army to Berlin and beyond!" So spoke the grizzled victor of the Marne.

We sent Pershing and we sent the Red Cross. The French people saw, and they understood. From the front-line trenches to the peasant's cottage, wherever there is fighting to be done, want to be relieved, misery to be assuaged, wounds or disease to be ministered to, America's presence is an actual, physical fact. We are there; they can see us—touch us. They know our fighting men as brothers-in-arms under fire, our women as ministering angels of mercy. "American" to-day means in France something more than friend. *La Croix Rouge Américaine*, from Calais to Nice, is to every French man and woman the visible, tangible symbol, no less than the Stars and Stripes themselves, of a hundred million hearts throbbing in sympathy, two hundred million hands reaching oversea to help them.

HOW OFTEN have we heard it said that France is "bled white." Don't you believe it. Set it aside as the word of an enemy or a scandal monger. France is fighting to-day as she has never fought before, and reinforced by the might of the United States Army and Navy, with the wealth and resources of America behind her and with the splendid work of the American Red Cross in her midst, France looks forward into the future with an unbroken confidence that can spell only victory.

How it has heartened the people of France, this coming of the Red Cross and the starry tricolor, there is a cloud of witnesses to attest. Listen to this, from Charles H. Grasty, perhaps the ablest of all the American correspondents in Europe, cabling from Paris in mid-February:

"I have touched the French morale at three different points within the recent past. . . . The improvement in eight months has been extraordinary. . . . In the whole allied wall of resistance to German aggression, France is the hardest and most solid part. Last May there was demoralization. The wonder is, not that demoralization existed, but that there was not more of it. . . . America's coming sustained France until she could recover herself. By her own recuperative power she has now become stronger than at any time since the war began. . . . The only doubts that existed at any time were about the civilian power of resistance, and these may now be dismissed unconditionally. . . . Let the Germans come as strong as they will, the French will take care of them."

And this from Charles H. Crane:

"The French Army is at the highest point

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yet attained in spirit and morale and it is being thoroughly backed up by the French people. France is *not* 'bled white.'"

This has been the greatest task of the Red Cross, the work on which for the last year its energies have been concentrated, its money poured out to help hold up the hands of France. And to do this meant not merely to aid the suffering soldier but to bring such comfort and cheer, such real help, sympathetically and intelligently rendered, to the soldier's people "back home" that they, too, could keep up their courage and back up their fighting men.

"This is not a war of armies, it is a war of peoples," said Major Grayson M.-P. Murphy when I saw him in New York on the day he laid down his commission as head of the Red Cross work in France to take up the new duties of a member of General Pershing's staff. "The question is not so much how we can keep the troops in the trenches, for the men in the trenches will take care of themselves, but it is how we can keep up the morale and the spirit and the courage in those countries that are suffering so dreadfully, behind the lines."

A NATION'S REAL STRENGTH—THE HOME

Behind the lines—there is where the real strength or the real weakness of a nation at war lies; not on the firing line. Given food and ammunition enough the soldier at the front, stimulated by the fierce joy of battle, will fight until he drops. But wounded and in hospitals; tired, wet and hungry as he falls back to the second line; filthy and vermin-covered as he makes his weary way back home on leave, the soldier has time to think and his thoughts turn to those he has left behind him. He himself is suffering—yes, but that can be borne; he knows the worst of it. But how about the others? Are they well or ill, comfortable or in want, happy or sad? Strange if, at times, the poilu should not ask himself: Is it, after all, worth while?

And those left behind—ah, only those at home know how much can be borne—for France! But *mon soldat*—I ask you, *monsieur*, I ask you, *madame*, is it right that he should suffer such miseries? One fights, *certainement;* one dies if *le bon Dieu* so wills—For France! But when one is ill or wounded, tired, hungry—ah, *les pauvres soldats*—how can one fight so long and see no end to war?

So the Red Cross went to France; France had invited them; France welcomed them; to-day all France loves them. Eighteen, there were, in the membership of the French Commission when they sailed away at the end of May. Major Murphy left behind, when he came back in January twenty-five hundred Americans doing Red Cross work in France. I have told how the French morale has stiffened, the French resistance strengthened, between those dates. There is testimony—from the French themselves—that the American Red Cross, with its American dollars, American food and clothing, American doctors and nurses and, most of all, its American sympathy and friendliness, has been a factor of the highest value in helping France sustain herself until she could recover her power of resistance.

"Come on, my children!" cried a French captain to his men at a critical moment during the last attack at Verdun. "Come on! We have only a little farther to go and then we will all go back and get good hot drinks at the American canteen!"

So close to the first line does the poilu meet the Red Cross! There is an American in charge, with a French assistant, of each of these rolling canteens. Working under shell-fire, gas-masks imperatively ready for instant use, they have hot coffee and chocolate waiting for the soldier as he comes from the trenches. Right at the entrance to the communication trenches, in an *abri* or dugout, but fully as exposed to danger as the soldier himself at most times, the American Red Cross holds out America's hand of friendship. And it helps and has helped, greatly. It helps because the soldier who has had a bowl of hot coffee is a more cheerful soldier than one who, trench-tired, must wait until he reaches his regimental base before he can eat or drink; it helps because it is proof that America is helping with something more tangible than sympathy, that even to render this little service Americans are willing to face danger.

At the other end of the panorama—for one must sweep all France with the eye to get even a glimpse of the manifold ways in which the Red Cross is helping her people over the rough places—here is a village in the devastated area. The Hun has been here; the little homes are in ruins, the children ragged and dirty, their mothers wretched, tired, homeless. Eight hundred and fifty thousand of these refugees, of all ages and conditions except able-bodied men, must be cared for. Homes are rebuilt—

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"Come on, my children!" cried a French captain to his men "Come on! We have only a little farther to go and then we

not the whole village, but enough houses for adequate shelter. In some of the six districts in which the American Red Cross has taken on relief work for the refugees, its own plants to make the brick and to burn the lime for rebuilding are being constructed. Clean, new clothing, bedding and household necessities to replace those destroyed by the Boche; farm implements; perhaps some chickens or larger live-stock; baths; medical attention; word of the *soldat* at the front, these are these people's needs, and these the services our Red Cross is giving, sometimes directly and sometimes in coöperation with the French Red Cross and the French Government, sometimes through other agencies, like the Society of Friends, that is doing wonderful work in helping the French peasant, uprooted by the great catastrophe, to get his roots back into the soil. And it helps—helps not only materially, but has helped spiritually—to cheer these people up and give them courage to wait, patiently, for victory.

AMERICA'S AID NOW A REALITY

Tuberculosis—half a million cases among the returned soldiers and their families. America's help through the Red Cross is putting new life, new hope into its victims and their dependents; a million dollars of Red Cross money given to General Petain to be used for the relief of the families of sick and wounded

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at a critical moment during the last attack at Verdun. will all go back and get good hot drinks at the American canteen!"

French soldiers; the reception and care of repatriated women and children sent back from behind the German lines; welfare work among all the children of France, to save every possible baby in the face of the dwindling birth-rate—these are only items in the constantly growing catalogue of activities that tells the story of the Red Cross' intimate touch with the very heart and fiber of the life of France, a touch that beyond all belief has helped to cheer and hearten her people.

I need not go into detail here about the wonderful medical and surgical work the Red Cross has done, and is doing, for the French soldier, directly and through coöperation with the French army medical department; the more than 3,500 hospitals to which it is contributing medical and surgical supplies; the string of warehouses stretching from the English Channel to the Adriatic, filled with medical supplies in reserve for these and the possible emergency requirements of our own Army. That is the most familiar side of the many-sided story of the work of the American Red Cross in France. It has a bearing, and an important bearing, however, on the upbuilding of the French morale; it was and is a real help in a way and at a time when France needed all the help that could be given.

Let us go back to our poilu from the trenches for a moment. We think, unconsciously, of this war—on the Western front, at least—as

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something static, fixed, its actors more or less permanently placed, so slightly have the front lines shifted since the issue was joined. On the contrary, there is constant movement, activity; troops are being shifted from this sector of the Front to that; injured and ill being transported to hospitals; soldiers who have served their appointed round in the trenches being sent back to rest camps and billets; others going home on leave, and in the opposite directions as many more travelling to take their places; day and night, week in, week out, many millions of men travelling ceaselessly in an area about the size of New York State. It is traffic unprecedented, unheard of in volume and density. And freight—munitions and food for the soldiers—must have the right of way.

More than any other single cause, the unavoidable delays, wearisome waits on the tracks or at junction, points, the irksome confinement to cars for perhaps days on end still uncleansed of the filth and the vermin of the trenches, all tend to make the soldier discontented, dissatisfied with his lot—to eat into his morale.

Come with me to one of the railway junctions of France. Here from 12,000 to 20,000 troops pass through daily; a quarter of them change cars here, or are held in trains waiting for a clear right of way. Sometimes the wait is for many hours; a day and a night, perhaps. The little railway station will hold fifty at the most. The rest must do as they can; if they sleep, it is in the field by the tracks; if it rains or snows, so much the worse for them. That is as it was here and at many other junctions in France. Now—*voila*—a great new building, the canteen of *la Croix Rouge Américaine*. Outside it is plain though substantial enough—the French Army built it from the utilitarian designs of the Red Cross. Inside it is decorated, perhaps by a famous artist who has shown his paintings in the Paris *Salon* and is now serving his country in the camouflage corps. Here is light and warmth and good cheer. Shower baths with copious hot water and plenty of soap; a sterilizer where clothes may be freed from vermin while one bathes; a barber shop, that one may be made presentable on arrival at one's domicile. Here is a dining-room, seating hundreds; one eats his fill; such food! And the cost? For the dinner alone, seventy centimes—fourteen cents; for the other services nothing. And if one has no money nobody goes hungry. If there is time one may, also without the expense of a sou, attend the cinematograph; excellent films, the latest obtainable, comic by choice. Charlie Chaplin is as great a favorite with the poilu as with any American audience; moreover, the theatre is bomb-proof—a distinct advantage in the war zone. Here is a huge reception hall, where one may sit and smoke, read, write, or play games with one's comrades. If the wait is to be a long one, here is a barracks with bunks like a logging camp where one may sleep—never fear, the call to arise will come in time to catch the train. And if one wishes, here are tinned foods, chocolate, fruit, tobacco that one may buy to take with him. And even if one's train is merely passing through and it is not permitted to descend, from the platform this same *Croix Rouge Américaine* serves one with hot coffee. One million meals a month are actually being served to French soldiers in these junction canteens. Little wonder, then, that the poilus often sit up all night talking about the great things America is doing for them, or that the French general detailed by General Petain to coöperate with the Red Cross in the establishment of these recreation halls wrote to Major Murphy:

MORALE SPELLS VICTORY

"The only thing that matters in this war is to beat the Boche, and to accomplish this the all-important factor is the morale of the men. This you have done much to uphold, and the atmosphere you create is more valuable than even you can realize. . . . Your canteens are well managed. The men find there not only a good meal but the friendliness that means so much to them. We feel that they are being cared for not only as men but as friends, and that makes them prefer your canteens to wine-shops and other places, and they are grateful. The morale has rarely been better than it is now, and we count on you to help us keep it where it is."

What it means to the poilu to return home after his tour of duty in the trenches clean, dry, vermin-free, shaved and well fed, and to find his family comfortably housed, well cared for, free from worry, is something that can hardly be put into words. It means, though, to France and to the cause of the Allies, the difference between morale and the lack of it; in the long run the difference, perhaps, between victory and defeat.

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The Month's Progress

DEROGATORY FALLACIES

SOME months ago, the national headquarters of the Red Cross in Washington was the target for many hundreds of letters every day—letters which voiced the gossip of a nation. This gossip took the form of misstatements regarding the Red Cross aims and accomplishments: "The Red Cross war fund cost 15 per cent. to raise and collect; the Red Cross paid large salaries to numberless employees; the Red Cross sold its sweaters to the soldiers in camp; the Red Cross was sending unfit workers to France"—these were some on the list of misstatements.

The letters asked for information. Were these things true? Did the Red Cross do such things?

The Red Cross at that time had just been appointed sole agent for relief in France by the French Government in order to coördinate all relief agencies and to solve the problem of shipping space. The various societies which had been affected by this order were just beginning to accustom themselves to a new order of things. Their questions were almost endless; the problems of adjustment and personal relations ones of great difficulty. A new giant with five million members had arisen to take the lead in work in which other devoted societies had been pioneers. Despite the acknowledgment that such a step was necessary, and acknowledgment of the worth of the choice of leadership, the inevitable human feelings incidental to any such adjustment prevailed.

All these things found voice in the vast number of letters asking for information which the national headquarters in Washington received.

To-day, the situation appears to have changed. The complaints are few and far between, the number of letters asking for information on these subjects has fallen to a low ebb, and on the surface the Red Cross is proceeding to its difficult task with the hearty coöperation of the public.

The revival, in New England, however, of the story that 90 per cent. of the war fund goes for administrative expenses casts a doubt on the silence. Has the flood of letters abated because the letterwriters are satisfied or has propaganda accomplished its object and a false impression of the Red Cross become a permanent conception in many people's minds? To any one acquainted with all the workings of the Red Cross it is inconceivable that one of the finest monuments mankind has yet raised to its better instincts can be torn down, half finished, to satisfy the human craving for gossip and evil tidings—a lasting victory for German thought and propaganda. With a campaign for a second war fund in May, however, no stone should be left unturned in our endeavor to set forth the facts.

It is the duty of every member of the Red Cross, in the immediate future, indeed, not only to spread abroad the truth regarding the Red Cross accomplishments but to knock on the head immediately every lie which may show itself, and then nail the hide of the liar to the wall.

WORK ABROAD

GENUINE seekers after information regarding the finances and administration of the Red Cross are referred to the report of the War Council, published on another page. To any one who has knowledge of conditions in Europe, the figures concerning the work abroad bring up a picture of effort and achievement which time will not easily dim. Nearly fifty million dollars have been spent, over twenty-five hundred workers employed, many of them volunteers. The organization which has resulted cannot be measured in terms of expenditure. Its personnel, its vision, its accomplishments have rendered it the most potent single agency in Europe to-day, outside of the actual armies. From South Devon and the English Channel down through France and Italy and across the Mediterranean to Palestine and Egypt its activities extend, changing with the necessities of war, growing more and more important as the burden of war weighs heavier on the Western nations.

RED CROSS ACTIVITY IN ENGLAND

IN ENGLAND, where the British Red Cross is an extremely efficient and active affair, the American work has consisted largely in gathering and distributing supplies

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for shipment to France and Belgium, and in beginning hospital work which will be of increasing importance as the American troops take their places on the firing lines. A Red Cross hospital, for instance, has long since been established at an English port to take care of our sailors and soldiers. The bulk of the American expenditure in Great Britain, however, has been in the form of a contribution of nearly a million dollars to the British Red Cross which is spending it to the best mutual advantage. The value of this gift has been far out of proportion to its material purchasing power as a means of strengthening the understanding between the United States and Great Britain.

HELPING FRANCE

IN FRANCE and Belgium, the keystone of the allied defensive arch, the Red Cross has put forth its most tremendous efforts. This has been due in part to the aims upon which the French Red Cross has concentrated, and in part to the terrific burden which the war has thrust upon the French people.

France has not only sustained the full force of the German blow but has had her territory turned into a shambles by the actual operation of war. It has been a natural result that the Red Cross has been able to render the greatest assistance there.

So extensive, indeed, have the Red Cross activities in France become that a description of them usually leaves only a confused picture. Just where the civilian work ends and the military work begins appears to be an exceedingly shadowy line. The reason is not far to seek. The Red Cross is doing only one kind of work in France to-day no matter what its motive—military work. No other kind of work can be done in France; distinctions are merely in name.

AID FOR ITALY

IN ITALY history bids fair to repeat itself. The situation which confronted the Red Cross in France six months ago is being reduplicated in the northern Italian provinces. On the first evening after the disaster to the Italian army, nine thousand refugees arrived in Florence and were taken care of in the church and cloisters of Santa Maria Novella. The condition of the women and children was pitiful, a great many shoeless and in rags, their few belongings in their arms. Forced by the crush of the mobs to discard their luggage, many still clung to a pet dog, a cat or bird. In the dimly lighted church whose great Cimabue Madonna and other frescoes are hidden behind sandbags, their misery presented a strange contrast to the richly storied background of the walls. Hardly an inch of pavement was unoccupied by wretched human beings who lay on the straw too worn out to care what became of them, while the Red Cross women administered bowls of hot soup and strove to gather up the broken threads of their lives.

In forty-eight hours the city was overwhelmed. The mayor requisitioned theatres, barracks, warehouses in an endeavor to provide an outlet for the tide of wretchedness, while the Red Cross and the authorities turned their attention away from the church where rows of army mattresses and gray folded blankets in regular lines now replaced the previous confusion.

To a great extent, the same conditions prevailed all over northern Italy. Instances like that in the church of Santa Maria Novella were repeated a hundred times—villages like S. Flavia, with a population of fifteen hundred, were choked with seven hundred refugees; mountain towns like Marcerata housed their quotas of misery in gilded ballrooms; Chiaravalle was forced to shelter five hundred refugees in an old paper mill, in indescribable filth, without privacy, sanitary facilities or even chimneys to carry away the smoke of cook stoves. In great centres like Milan, 60,000 refugees flooded the streets. In all, some five hundred thousand men, women, and children were homeless in Italy.

Conditions had in them the possibility of a still greater catastrophe.

That this was avoided was due in great measure to the prompt action of the Red Cross which furnished supplies, money and personnel working under the supervision of the Italian authorities. Outbreaks of disease were quickly checked by swiftly equipped isolation hospitals; barrels of beef, sacks of rice, cases of condensed milk, clothing and medical supplies were hurried from the hastily established warehouses in Rome, Florence, Ancona, Rimini, and Milan; rations were served from barracks, homes found for the homeless, soup kitchens and resthouses put in operation at railway stations and preparations made for aiding all who could be made self supporting.

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A great load was lifted from the shoulders of the Italian nation at a time when they were least able to carry such a burden. That this assistance will continue is evidenced by the present Red Cross shipments to Italy with their guarantee that at the present time no food or gasolene will be bought or accepted for Red Cross use from the Italians themselves.

THE RED CROSS AT HOME

IN THIS country, it is plain that the old Red Cross as we knew it in June, nineteen seventeen, has given place to a new organization —an organization transformed by the twin magicians of patriotic service and patriotic contributions into a society with a scope and opportunity unequalled by any similar body in the world.

So far, service has far outbalanced moneys appropriated for work in the United States. The canteen service, for instance, with which every American soldier is familiar who has been transferred by troop train across this country, has not been supported by money from the war fund. The work of giving assistance and advice to the dependent families of soldiers and sailors has consisted more in supplying sympathetic aid and information and straightening out difficulties than in simple financial assistance, although money has been badly needed in many thousands of cases and has been temporarily advanced. The enrollment and equipping of Army and Navy nurses has required comparatively little outlay. The funds needed for the forty base hospitals in this country and the two hundred abroad have not bulked large; as has been the case with the money used for the laboratory cars and the sanitary service.

The millions spent for blankets, sweaters, and woolen things for distribution here and in Europe, and the millions being used for working capital for the purchase of yarn, gauze, and such things for resale to the chapters loom up as the big temporary expenditures in the United States. The six million dollars spent for the comfort and welfare of our boys in camp represents the biggest permanent expense in this country and one of the most worthwhile.

Expenses of administration have been paid exclusively out of membership dues and not from the War Fund, and the expense of collecting that fund has been well under one per cent. of the total—an unusual feat.

From a business point of view, one thing stands out very plainly—every dollar contributed to the Red Cross for the War Fund has been made to yield a dollar and two cents for relief. Such a fact augurs well for the future of the Red Cross.

WORK OF THE RED CROSS ELSEWHERE

ENGLAND, France, Italy, and Belgium—these are the main fields of Red Cross endeavor in Europe as they are the main bulwark of defence against Germany. Relief work in the other countries ravaged by the war is affected by varying factors.

In Russia, political conditions have rendered impossible the extending of adequate aid. Medical supplies, help for the children, a few ambulances—these have been simply an earnest of the assistance the Red Cross, under other conditions, would have done its utmost to send.

In Roumania, reasons of geography and politics have made difficult the giving of such prompt relief as would otherwise have been the case. In spite of all the difficulties, however, several million dollars' worth of supplies have been sent through Russia, the military hospital at Roman taken over, several civil hospitals maintained, and a permanent commission is on the ground directing the extension of the Red Cross activities. Work such as this is temporarily dwarfed only because of the gigantic undertakings afoot in western Europe.

In Monastir, that tragic remnant of Serbia, nearly a million dollars have been spent for such practical things as seed, agricultural implements, supplies, etc., which will enable the forty thousand destitute survivors of the massacred Serbian people to support themselves again. In Asia Minor, through the Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief, over two millions have been spent. This money has been administered in large part by the Armenian and Syrian Committee to relieve the almost unthinkable destitution and misery among the suffering races of Mesopotamia, Syria, the Russian Caucasus, and Persia.

Such is the catalogue of Red Cross War Fund achievement in Europe.

LOOKING AHEAD

WHAT that immediate future may be, can probably be best forecasted by a brief survey of the actual activities of the Red

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Cross in their relation to the facts of the war.

It is quite evident, for instance, that the Red Cross work in France and Italy will continue—with perhaps the addition of other stricken localities. Work for the American army will, without the shadow of a doubt, grow ever larger and more important as the size and military value of our army in the field increase and it takes more and more of its share of the fighting. The need for hospital supplies of all kinds will probably continue to increase in like ratio. Events in Canada, France, and England warn us that the dislocation of war will necessarily present us with many new problems which will have to do with the "folks at home."

From the list of projected activities, however, two things seem to stand out. The first is the communication service of the Red Cross with the army in France.

In every battle or campaign the number of soldiers reported wounded or missing is necessarily very large. Although wounded may mean almost anything from a scratch to a fatal wound, owing to necessity, the most the War Department can do or be expected to do is to report the names and probable fate of those listed. The heart-rending anxiety which families at home experience because of the uncertainty is only too easily imagined.

The Red Cross will reduce this suffering to a minimum by means of Red Cross men with every regiment in the field of battle whose duty it will be to ascertain all the facts and communicate with the family at home. Where men are wounded, the problem is obviously simple. Where soldiers are reported missing, all the missing men's comrades and immediate superiors will be questioned in an endeavor to find out everything possible regarding the soldier's probable fate, whether a prisoner, lost, or killed. The accuracy and value of such reports have been proven in the British Army where the reports of the British Red Cross are accepted as final in making up the lists.

This is the problem so far as the communication service is concerned. It requires little imagination, little quoting of military figures to foresee what a gigantic undertaking such a work may prove.

The second problem that appears to stand out is the one of help and assistance to the families of our soldiers and sailors—the home service. So far, most people have thought of this part of the Red Cross work as part of the chapter work. The intention of the Red Cross, however, is to extend this service to every regiment and camp in the United States and abroad.

On the walls of the Red Cross resthouses at Camp Upton are a series of placards asking the soldiers who pass about their families. Is any one anxious about the folks at home? Is someone's wife lonely or worried? Is there sickness, lack of money, of advice in that town back in Tennessee? These are the questions. The reason for them is contained in the information which follows to the effect that the Red Cross is prepared and willing to render all the assistance and protection in its power to the relatives they have left behind them. The soldier in camp in this country, or in the field in France, will have no worry about his folks at home if the Red Cross can prevent it—and the Red Cross wants both the soldier and his family to know it.

The placards, indeed, are more than mere notices—they are the visible sign that the Red Cross has entered upon one of the big undertakings of the war, an undertaking that will help to preserve our civilization at home while assisting our army and navy to fight for it abroad.

AN UNFORTUNATE IMPRESSION

IN THE February issue of THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE there appeared a poem by Rudyard Kipling entitled "The Holy War."

A line in this poem has given offense to some readers, and the Red Cross has received letters asking if Catholics are to interpret this as indicating an attitude of the Red Cross toward the Catholic Church.

The poem was published simply as the most recent contribution from Kipling to war literature and, in reviewing it for publication, it was not realized that it might constitute a reflection on the Pope or the Catholic religion. It is unfortunate that the poem allowed of such an interpretation, and it is hoped that Catholics everywhere will understand that its publication in the magazine was purely the result of an oversight.

It should be needless to say that we deeply appreciate the great part that the members of the Catholic Church are playing in this war, not alone in the Army and Navy, but through their splendid organization, the Knights of Columbus, and in the Red Cross itself.

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